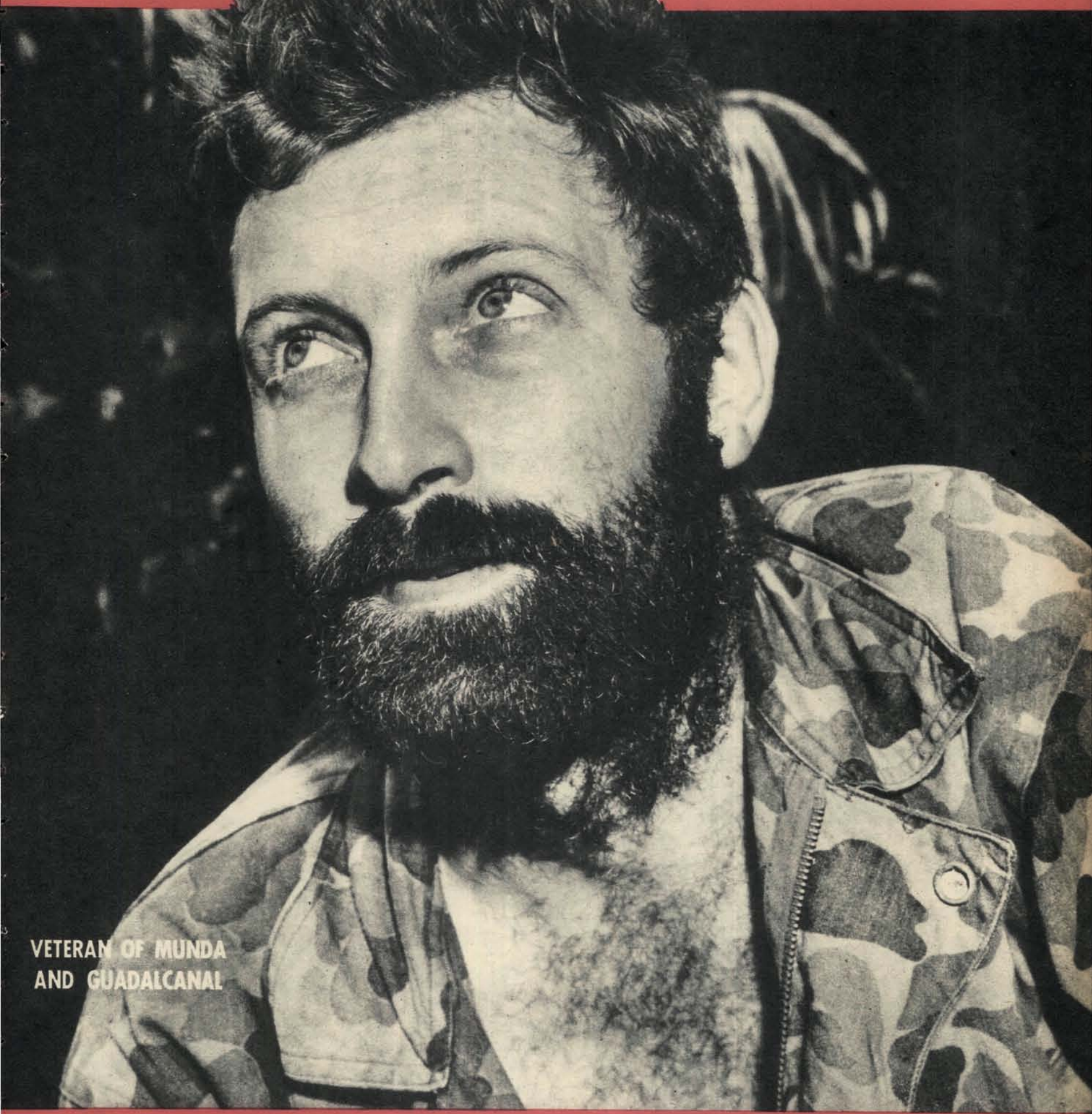
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ OCT. 15
VOL. 2, NO. 17
1943

By the men . . for the men in the service



VETERAN OF MUNDA AND GUADALCANAL

The Story of an Infantry Battle in New Georgia

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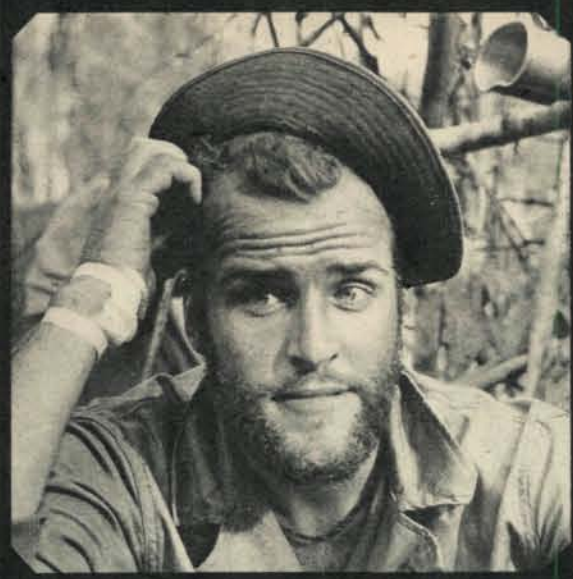
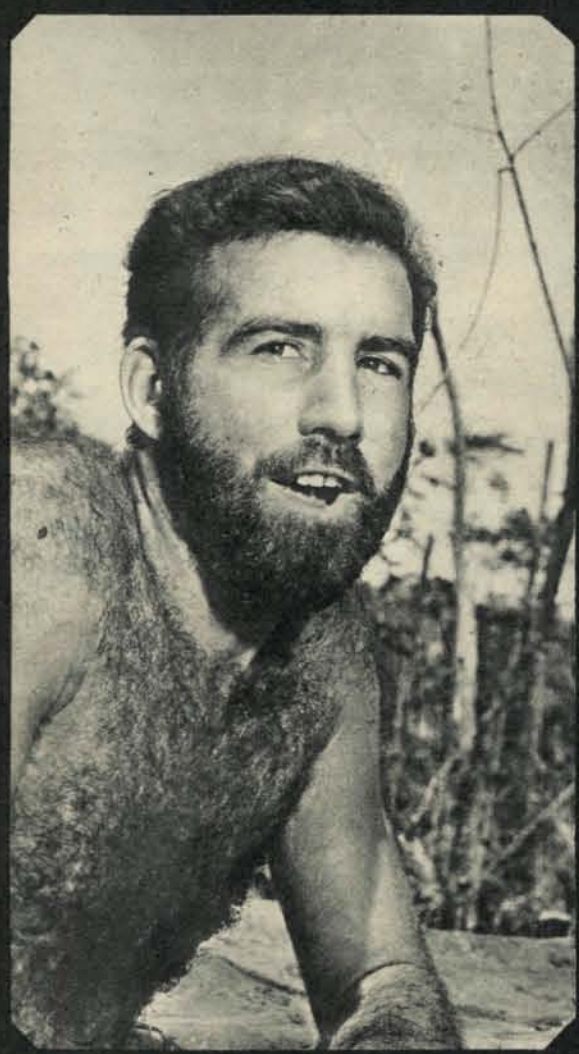
PFC. FOWLER HATLEY of Forney, Tex., was a construction worker as a civilian. After his experience in Guadalcanal and New Georgia he says: "Man to man, Japs are lousy fighters."



PFC. CECIL D. CRAGO of Sundance, Wyo., used to work on a ranch. In the New Georgia fight he and his squad came close to being wiped out by Jap dual-purpose AA guns.

PFC. AUGUST COLEMAN who, like the rest of these men, fought in Guadalcanal and New Georgia, was a farmer in Hiwasse, Ark. Coleman won the Purple Heart at Guadalcanal.

These men fought one of the U.S. Army's toughest jungle actions—the 12-day drive from Munda airfield to the sea, where one company, with only a single rifleman in a favorable firing spot, passed him loaded weapons to empty against the Japs.



PFC. JAMES R. McKEON was a machinist in New Haven, Conn. At Guadalcanal he threw what he thought was a smoking grenade at the Jap lines, later found it was a can of C rations.

ACTING CPL. DUDLEY C. MURPHY of New London, Conn., once a gas-station attendant, found the Japs "damn good as jungle fighters."

PFC. CHARLES BOUGHNER of Seattle, Wash., sits with some Jap souvenirs. When his company was pinned down without a field of fire at Munda, only Boughner, behind a log, could get in effective shots. Men passed him cartridges, two M1s, one BAR and a tommy gun.

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LT. COL. JOE KATSARSKY, commander of the infantry battalion which drove a wedge through Jap positions to the sea in the battle for Munda airfield. He's from Battle Creek, Mich.

PFC. DALE HUTSON was once in furniture business at Grand Rapids, Mich. In the battle for O'Brien Hill he broke through a Jap machine-gun nest near road used to evacuate wounded.

PFC. HERBERT HATHCOAT worked in a coal mine at Hanceville, Ala. At Munda he escaped Jap grenade which wounded two buddies, later came close to being ripped by machine-gun fire.

INFANTRY BATTLE IN NEW GEORGIA

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN NEW GEORGIA—"When they got on the target, one Jap went 40 feet in the air, over the tops of the trees, just floated up lazy like, turned over one time and came back down.

"Then there was another that went up like a pinwheel, all arms and legs twisting in the air. He was an officer, I think, because I saw a saber go one way and a pistol the other. Next morning I stumbled over that saber and Howie got the pistol. There was one Jap blown plumb out of his pants. We found the breeches hanging way up the limb of a tree."

That was how 1st Sgt. Orville (Pappy) Cummins of Spokane, Wash., described the results of mortar fire on a Jap gun position during one of the 12 days that his infantry battalion drove a wedge from the jungle-land behind Munda airfield to the sea.

They fought three separate actions, each as different from the other as night from day. The story of the battalion and particularly of 1st Sgt. Cummins' A Company is the story of jungle combat—of attack and counterattack and then attack again.

Their first engagement lasted seven days. It was fought on a hillside and in a gully that was the jungle at its worst, where visibility was normally 15 yards and the war between Jap and American was waged at a distance that was often not more than 15 feet.

The hill was named O'Brien Hill for 1st Lt. Robert M. O'Brien of Everett, Wash., who died there. A second hill, immediately to the front, was named for 2d Lt. Louis K. Christian of Pullman, Wash., who had received a field commission from the ranks on Guadalcanal and was killed at the beginning of the seven-day fight.

The battalion had shot its way from the line of departure to O'Brien Hill, and on the afternoon of the second day C Company attacked due west toward Christian Hill, followed by B Company. When they reached the foot of the slope and could go no farther, they pulled back to allow the artillery and mortars to give the place a working over.

Then, with B Company in advance, they tried again next day. The battalion attack was again stopped cold. Insult was added to injury when the infantry found itself being shot at with our own weapons, our grenades, our BARs. Some of the Japs even wore our jungle "zoot suits." In some previous fight their take had been good, and they made the most of it.

With night coming on and the enemy still intact, the battalion pulled back to O'Brien Hill, and set up a perimeter defense of outposts pushed out ahead of a circular main line of resistance. They were there on the fourth day, throwing fire across the hill in front and directing fire at a strong point to their left, which was under assault by another unit.

On the fifth day occurred a series of events that were the beginning of a battle with all the trimmings.

The unit on the battalion's right had pushed ahead, had been badly hit and had been ordered back to reorganize. At chow time the unit, weary and somewhat bewildered, started back through the 1st Battalion lines. Behind it came the Jap, engaging its rear elements. In the jungle there was a confusion of friend and enemy, and for a while nobody knew exactly what was going on, least of all the Jap.

But he soon learned. He had been following a unit in withdrawal, and he ran flush into another unit of unknown strength, firmly emplaced on O'Brien Hill. The withdrawing unit moved through, its rear elements disengaging the enemy and leaving him to the men of the 1st who waited for the counterattack to reach them.

At 1430 the Jap hit and the fight was on. Twenty-six hours later it was over. An estimated enemy body of two reinforced companies, which just about matched the battalion's strength, had been so completely wrecked that in the days to follow there was no evidence of it again.

The first contact, when the advancing enemy ran head-on into light

PVT. JAMES NEWBROUGH of Monument, Colo., probably saved his battalion when Japs tried a frontal assault. Sighting his light machine gun along barrel's under side so that no part of him was above ground, he fired continually.

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PFC. HOLLIS S. JOHNSON of McKenzie, Ala., covered Pvt. James Newbrough with a BAR when Jim was holding off the enemy.

2D LT. ROBERT BROWN of Bellingham, Wash., taking it easy in a Jap camp chair and fanning himself with a Jap fan, led a platoon during the fight for Munda.

SGT. ELMER McGLYNN of Seattle, Wash., helped cut down six Japs with a BAR when they tried to wipe out a machine gun covering his platoon's advance.

1ST SGT. ORVILLE CUMMINS, known as "Pappy," is from Spokane, Wash. His A Company played major part.

machine guns, rocked him back on his heels. For two hours, in the light of the afternoon, the attack came in squad groups as the Jap sought to probe the defensive lines, to see what this was he had smacked into. He stabbed inquisitively here and there, testing the front, testing the flanks, with six men, then a dozen, rushing forward. He got nowhere. When darkness came the battalion heard him digging in.

On the battalion's right flank was a saddle that led from O'Brien Hill to another rise to the right front. To the immediate front, stretching from right front to left, was the gully that was dense with jungle. The forward slope of O'Brien Hill was fairly open. The outposts were at the edge of the jungle and the main line of resistance not more than 15 or 20 yards behind them, with the CP a little higher and to the rear.

That night the Jap, more sure of himself, came in. He came across the saddle and up from the gully. It was obvious that he was trying his old trick of attempting demoralization because he yelled like a Comanche when he rushed, and when he was preparing to rush he yelled threats:

"American soldier will die tonight. Prepare to die, Yank-eee!"

He worked by familiar formula, throwing in his little grenades which exploded with much noise and little effect, tossing in his knee-mortar shells, pouring in his fast-firing, brittle-sounding automatic fire. His yelling, which was mostly inarticulate, was constant, and the men of the battalion yelled back insult for insult.

"Americans cowards!" yelled the Nips.

"Tojo eats ——!" yelled the infantry.

Three times during the night the Jap attacked in what would amount to platoon strength, and each time the attack was cut to pieces. That night the .30-caliber light machine guns did the work of the defensive design heavies. In the morning the air-cooled lights looked as if they'd been in a fire, with their barrels burnt orange and flaking. But they kept on firing.

In the jungle the first light of dawn always brings heavy fire, and this time it was heavy. But the Jap tried no further attack. He was saving himself for something else, perhaps waiting for a better time.

Patrol Protects Supply Line

At 0800 the battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. Joe Katsarsky of Battle Creek, Mich., sent out a combat patrol to the extreme right flank. They cracked a body of Japs who were attempting to cut the line of supply and then work into the flank and rear.

By pulling out the officers and men for the patrol, the battalion weakened the perimeter, but it had to be done. The Jap had machine-gun fire on the supply trail, cutting it off, and men died as they started back with casualties or came forward with supplies. Drivers were shot at the wheels of their jeeps. Before it was over four jeeps blocked the trail.

The patrol went out, fought sharply and within two hours was back again, just in time. The Jap apparently was aware of the move, and even before everyone was back in position the grand assault got under way. Nothing could be more typical of the vaunted Japanese do-or-die technique than the 45 minutes in which they stormed the battalion's defense.

Everything in front of the battalion came forward, screaming. Jap bullets raked the hillside in a grazing fire that ranged from 6 inches above the ground to 3 feet. Shelter halves that had been stretched above foxholes were cut to ribbons and the sticks that held them up were splintered. The men tore them down to avoid getting entangled in the canvas.

The Japs used tracers and explosive bullets that trailed a brief string of fire and cracked sharply when they hit twigs. The Jap soldiers came forward in bunches, leaping and running like maniacs and yelling at the tops of their voices. Their bayonets were fixed and they might have tried to use them, but they never got that close. Two of them tumbled into outpost foxholes, dead before they hit the emplacements themselves.

The outposts withdrew to the main line of resistance as the battalion tightened against the strain. The aid station, which had been on the forward slope, moved to the other side of the hill because the fire was so thick that the medics could not get off the ground to attend the wounded. During the melee, when there was no work for them, the message-center people kept low and played Battleship. Finally, their shelter shot to ribbons, they moved.

The CP and the MLR stayed put. Men were hit. Once a man was gutshot and two medics picked him up and walked him, one on either side, through the fire to safety. Another man was shot and as he raised up he said, "I'm hit." As he fell forward he said, "I'm dead." He was.

Capt. Ralph Phelps of Spokane, Wash., the battalion exec, was in a foxhole conference with the CO of A Company. As they talked, a stream of machine-gun bullets went between their bodies, less than 6 inches apart. They scooted down further, looked at each other, and went on talking. In the V of a tree was a Jap with a BAR which he let fly at intervals as he ducked up and down. They called him "Jack-in-the-box." A grenade got him.

Because there were no men to be spared for ammo carriers, the noncoms divided their time between controlling their men and supplying them, which in either case meant exposure to murderous fire. A corporal was killed as he crept forward with ammunition for his men. A buck sergeant, Hubert Santo of Medford, Oreg., held his part of the line together by galloping over the hillside in the dual role of ammo carrier and platoon leader. His outfit had no lieutenant.

In the heat of the fight, men were too busy to think of anything but the business at hand. A lieutenant, wounded on the patrol action when a bullet hit his helmet and cut through the back of his neck, found time to have it dressed 2 hours later. Men said strange things, like the soldier whose shelter had been riddled with bullets. A flare dropped on the already-demolished canvas and he yipped in anguish, "There goes my tent!"

The fight centered on the right flank. In some positions there were mortar men armed only with pistols, put there to fill in while the patrol was gone.

On the right-flank center was a light machine gun with both gunners gone, one sick and the other momentarily absent at the start of the attack. Manning the gun was the ammunition carrier, a sandy-haired, drawling buck private named James Newbrough of Monument, Colo.

When the attack started Newbrough was on the gun. A Jap in front of him yelled, "Americans cowards!"

"The hell you say," Newbrough snorted.

"Come on out and fight," yelled the Jap, tossing a rock.

"Come on in and get me," said Newbrough.

The Jap and his comrades thought that over, threw a few more rocks and then screamed, "Here we come!"

Three of them sprang out with .25-caliber light machine guns, which they fired as they rushed. Two of them died in their tracks. The third ran.

How Newbrough Saved the Day

As the fight progressed Newbrough, alone on the gun, kept it going constantly. Nobody, not even he, knows how many belts of ammunition he expended. As the gun continued to fire, it attracted more and more attention until it seemed that Newbrough was the only target. Bullets splattered into everything, cutting down the shelter half on top of him and clearing the underbrush from around him.

Newbrough unfastened the traversing mechanism and, crouching low, sighted along the under side of the barrel so that no part of him was above the level of the gun itself. With his hand over his head he hung onto the trigger and raked the ground before him.

His gun corporal, Dick Barrett of Rosburg, Wash., managed to get through to him with ammunition when the supply was almost exhausted, and Pfc. Hollis S. Johnson of McKenzie, Ala., came up to cover him with a BAR. Newbrough, a shy kid with a country brogue and the faintest show of a beard, probably saved the battalion that day.

The attack, once stopped, was not repeated. The battalion smashed it, but not until other units approached from two sides did the Jap see proof that his case was hopeless and withdraw in the late afternoon. With its ordeal over, the battalion took Christian Hill against little opposition and advanced 800 yards through the jungle before darkness halted it.

On the ninth day A Company was in front of the battalion advance, which skirted northward

PFC. WILEY HOWINGTON of Asheville, N. C., cleans the M1 he used in wiping out a Jap antiaircraft gun crew in a dugout at Munda.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Branch, Special Service, ASF, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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of Biblio Hill overlooking Munda airfield, moving across country that itself was hilly though less densely jungled as it ran westward to the sea.

The battalion chose a bivouac area for the night and A pushed out in advance, taking up positions and setting up an OP on the forward slope of a hill in front of the bivouac. On the left, on Biblio itself, another unit was engaged with the enemy.

From the company OP on the morning of the tenth day the company commander, Capt. Donald Downen of Pullman, Wash., saw an amazing sight—probably one of the few such scenes any American has witnessed in the war in the Pacific.

Immediately before him in a slight draw less than 100 yards away were Jap shacks, their tin roofs bright and a searchlight position in the midst of them. He saw Japs moving leisurely across the terrain, going in and out of the huts, puttering around as if there were no war within a thousand miles. Aware that his company's presence was completely undetected, he watched the Japs and studied the terrain ahead.

Then he reported back to Battalion, which moved up to direct an artillery concentration that shortly went plowing into the peaceful scene. When the guns had done their work, A Company threaded its way down across the draw and up the gentle rise immediately ahead.

Capt. Downen set up his CP in a 1,000-pound bomb crater. Almost abreast of it and perhaps 50 yards away, Cpl. Garrit Hulstein of Hospers, Iowa, established an OP in a similar crater. Although there was a little fire from the front, the terrain ahead looked comparatively harmless.

Then a heavy-caliber gun blazed, and Hulstein reported what he took to be a 77-mm mountain gun almost directly ahead and 50 yards away. As the barrel moved slightly, the corporal shoved the man beside him downward just as the gun blasted again. This time a foot and a half of the rim of the bomb crater was shot away, leaving men dazed and one man buried beneath clay dirt and coral. He was pulled out, unhurt.

Of the gun the men could see only the mouth of the barrel and two upright objects on either side, which they thought were wheels.

Mortar Fire Covers Advance

Battalion was contacted, not without trouble, because the gun was firing into the CP. A mortar treatment was started on the way. Hulstein went back to bring up the weapons company commander and while the mortars tossed in 81-mm shells, A Company began to move, not yet aware of what it was up against. It was entering one of the most unusual fights of two campaigns.

One platoon moved to the left and the other moved to the right to flank the piece. A machine gun in the OP crater covered their advance, peppering the top of the emplacement. As they moved, six Japs started across in front of them heading toward the gun. The left platoon, under Lt. Bob Brown of Bellingham, Wash., blazed away. Sgt. Elmer McGlynn of Seattle grabbed a BAR and turned it loose on automatic: the Japs never got where they were going. The platoons moved on, waiting for the mortar barrage to lift.

Company Headquarters, composed of the captain, his runner, the first sergeant and the mail orderly, went forward to coordinate the flanking attack. They were looking straight into the bore of the gun and knew only that, whatever it was, it was beautifully camouflaged.

When they were close enough the mortars quit, and Downen and his three men realized that they were nearer than either of the two platoons. There was no time to waste so they rushed the gun. Not until they were upon it did they realize that, instead of a field piece, it was a dual-purpose antiaircraft gun—and not one but two and perhaps more.

The captain got one Jap outside the emplacement. His mail orderly, T-5 David Lloyd George of Kalispell, Mont., got another. Then Pfc. Wiley Howington of Asheville, N. C., the company runner, went into action.

He leaped into the gun emplacement and found the Jap gun crew still huddled in the dugout, which was tunneled into the side of the emplacement itself. The mortars had driven them inside, and they never had time to get out. Howie fired a clip of M1 slugs into them, then leaped across to the other side of the entrance, fumbling first for another clip and then for a grenade.

George followed him in and opened up with a tommy gun.

"By Gawd," drawled Howie with an accent that was straight from the North Carolina hills. "I tell you there wuz some scramblin' down in there."

Five Japs were dead and a sixth was at the far entrance, trying desperately to get out. 1st Sgt. Cummins, who is built like a pint-sized quarterback, got him by degrees.

"I could see just about six inches of his rump sticking out and I bored him," Cummins said. "He'd keep sliding back—never could get that part of himself out of the way—and every time he'd slide back I'd bore him again. Finally he slid back too far."

Now one gun was out. But there was another, some 35 yards away. In the first gun pit the four men could see the 75-mm rifle turn toward them, the elongated barrel moving fast. Cummins had one of the two grenades in the group and he heaved it—a perfect throw into the emplacement. The barrel stopped.

He grabbed Howington's grenade, which Howie hadn't been able to unhook when he wanted it, and it burst at the mouth of the dugout. Next day when the mop-up came, there was nothing left there to bother them.

When the excitement momentarily died, Capt. Downen saw men of his right platoon motioning to him frantically, pointing somewhere beyond the second gun at a place almost directly in front of them. At that instant the third gun roared, firing directly into the face of the platoon but just over their heads.

Downen yelled at them to get out, but the muzzle blast of the piece, not more than 20 yards away, had deafened them. Finally he waved them back, and they crawled to the rear, dazed by the terrific shock of the explosion. A Company, with two guns down and a third discovered, withdrew to the bomb craters and called for mortar fire. That's when Cummins saw the Japs flying through the air.

"But the prettiest thing was when the mortars hit the ammunition," he added. "It looked like a million tracers going off at the same time."

No. 3 gun was gone. By that time the fourth and last was discovered and a direct hit by the 81s put it out of action. Actually there were five of the dual-purpose pieces, which the outfit thinks was a Jap Marine AA installation, but the fifth gun was never fired. The six Japs who started across in front of the left platoon were the crew, caught out of position.

On the eleventh day the battalion was on the move again, cleaning out the bivouac area behind the guns and capturing two other AA positions without opposition. They moved through a hospital area, rich in booty which they had no time to collect.

As they passed through, there was scattered firing. In a bombproof dugout there were several Japs and one of them held up his hands crying, "Me surrender! Me surrender!"

Defense of the beach was set up facing the sea and when the battalion hit them the Japs tried to turn around and fight with their backs to the water. There were not many of them but they were trapped and desperate. The beach wire, meant to stop a seaborne invasion, was cut through from behind.

One Man Alone Continues Firing

The battalion hit the beach defense at 1530 on the eleventh day. They received fire from pillboxes and pulled back to let the mortars in. But as they did, the Japs moved in toward them, letting go with a Lewis gun and machine guns and rifles in grazing fire 2 feet off the ground.

The terrain was of bomb-chewed coral, underbrush and water holes. A Company found itself in a position where practically the whole outfit was pinned down without a field of fire, only a few feet from the sea.

Behind a log was Pfc. Charles Boughner of Seattle with an M1. He alone was able to get in effective shots and soon it was apparent to everyone that Boughner in his position could do more than a platoon, or even the company.

He fired the M1 until there were no more clips. Someone tossed him a tommy gun and he emptied it. Another M1 was passed to him. S/Sgt. Bob Isaman of Chewelah, Wash., was at his feet and loaded clips as fast as Boughner could fire them. In the heat of the fight Isaman noticed what Boughner did not—that Jap bullets were smashing faster and closer to the log. He made the rifleman get underneath it instead of over it. The firing position was just as good; he could still see the enemy.

A BAR was passed to him. Boughner emptied clip after clip and the men around him threw every available cartridge toward his position. Isaman loaded them and passed them on. A belt of machine-gun bullets was tossed over, and they were reloaded and expended. Finally the Jap positions were quiet.

"That," said Sgt. Cummins, "was one time when a man was in attack supported by a company."

It was too dark to do more. That night the infantrymen heard the splash of wading feet and they fired when they caught sight of dark shapes against the water. Some of the Japs may have made it to a tiny island nearby, but whether they did or not, their fight for New Georgia was over.

Next morning the battalion stood on the beach and looked out to sea.

CAPT. DONALD DOWNEN of Pullman, Wash., CO of Company A, with dual-purpose AA gun captured by his outfit. The guns were at first mistaken for field pieces since only muzzles and upright elevation shafts were visible under camouflage, and the Americans thought the shafts were wheels.

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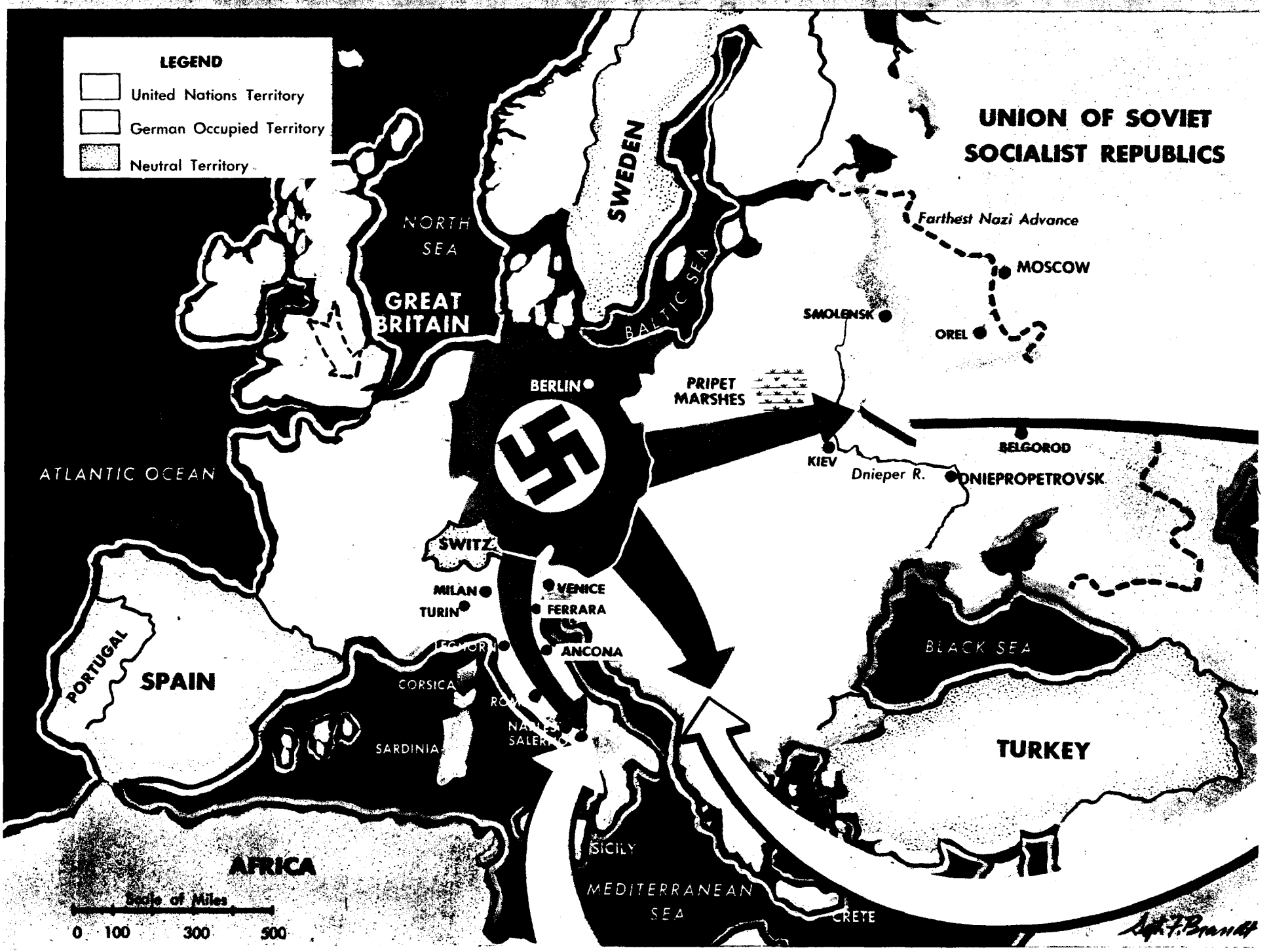
FIGHT ON THREE FRONTS

THE Germans who were always afraid of a two-front war, are now fighting on three fronts. They are retreating from Russia. They are receding in Italy. Their hold on the Balkans, which have suddenly erupted in organized revolt, is weakening. And they are nervously awaiting a fourth front, as Prime Minister Winston Churchill promised, through France or the Lowlands. The German High Command is obliged to keep huge forces idly concentrated in the West—forces that are needed on the fighting fronts—to meet this constant threat of invasion.

Pressing ever closer to Berlin, this Battle of Europe is, in effect, the sum of all the vast struggles against Hitler. It is the Battle of the Atlantic, of the Mediterranean, of Russia, of Norway, the Battles of Russia, Africa, Sicily, Italy, the Balkans, of all the Nazi battles in this war. For the moment, however, it is a Battle of Europe that is largely concentrated in the bloody fighting on the three land fronts facing Germany—Italy, Russia and the Balkans. As shown here, the outlook for the German Army on all three is grim.



ITALY. At dawn on Sept. 3, 4 years to the day after war was declared in Europe, Allied troops scrambled through Mediterranean surf and spread quickly over the beaches in southern Italy. Europe was invaded.

The first Allied objective was Naples and Rome, both vital rail centers. Italy surrendered unconditionally in 5 days. But the Germans poured new divisions into Italy to hold Europe against the invaders, and the real battle was just beginning. American and British forces in the Fifth Army under Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark forced new beachheads at Salerno, some 30 miles south of Naples, and encountered tough Nazi resistance in one of the bitterest battles of the war.

For 4 days the Allied position was crucial. Determined Germans penetrated American lines and pushed the troops back to the beaches. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme Allied commander, and Gen. Harold R. L. G. Alexander, commanding the Italian invasion, conferred with Gen. Clark at the front. Allied fighters, flying so far from their bases in Sicily that they could stay in combat for only 15 minutes, joined bombers in as many as 2,500 sorties in 24 hours. The British Navy risked its proudest battleships by sending them close to shore to pound enemy lines. The Allied army suffered heavy casualties and gave way, but never broke. The Germans, whose battering counterattacks came startlingly close to succeeding, finally fell slowly back.

On the tenth day the British Eighth Army, which had already made the comparatively easy landing in southern Italy, advanced near enough to German positions at Salerno to threaten enemy flanks on the south and rear. Elements of both invasion forces met at Vallo della Lucania, south of Salerno, and the Allied foothold on Europe was secure. In less than three weeks American troops occupied Sardinia without difficulty, while French and Allied armies easily seized Corsica, which with Sardinia provided strategic security on Allied flanks and gave our air forces vital bases for the battles yet to come in central and northern Italy. Naples was hurriedly burned, sacked and abandoned by the Nazis, beginning in Italy a "scorched earth" policy of slow, savage retreat before the advancing Allied armies. American and British troops, secure at the ankle of Italy's peninsular limb—an area well over one-fifth of all Italy—were started on their bloody march up the boot.

It will be a long and bitter fight, for the enemy is greatly superior in numbers. Even without Italy's 75 divisions—and it is reported that Mussolini is raising another army out of the Italian soldiers who are still Fascist-minded—Germany has more combat divisions in Europe than all the Allied nations put together. Even when the U. S. Army reaches its planned maximum strength of 110 divisions sometime in the future.

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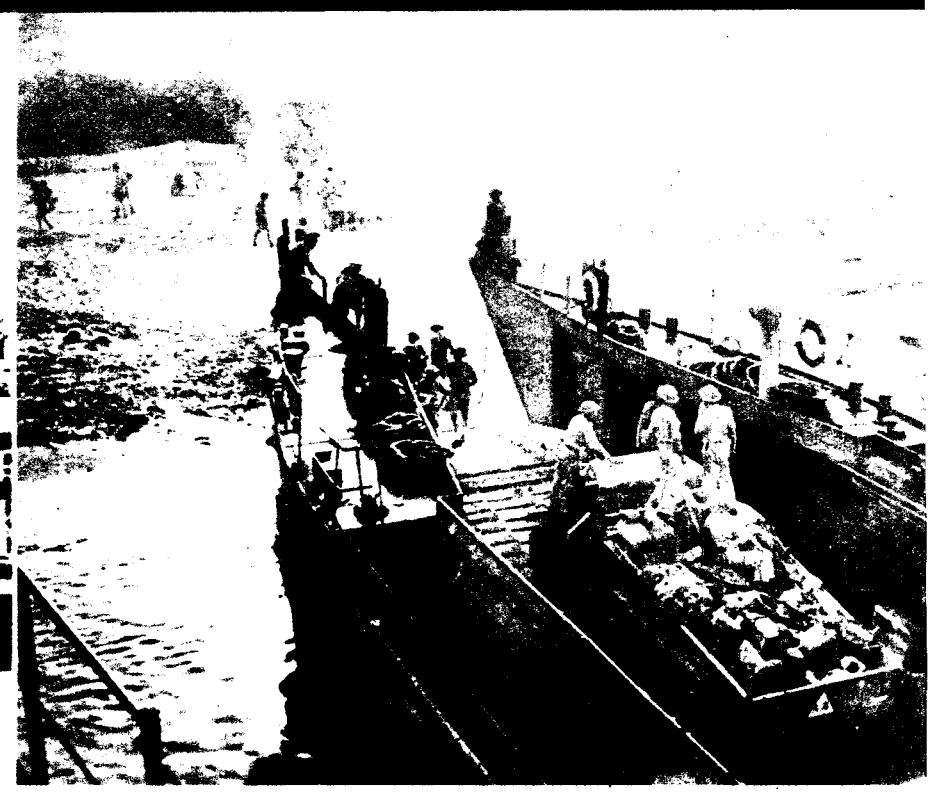
White cloths on Nazi armored cars captured in Italy show Yanks drive them.

In the foggy dawn British Eighth Army landing craft hit the Italian beaches.



RUSSIA.

The vast steppes of Russia, scene of Hitler's first setback in 1941, are today the scene of the greatest German defeat. After more than 2 years of savage fighting between two of the largest, toughest armies in history, the Russian front is still the bloodiest and most important of the war fronts. Piling up incredible victories, the Red Army is climaxing a 3-month offensive described even by the Germans as "the most gigantic of the entire Eastern Campaign." And the German Army is retreating westward along 2,000 miles of battle front, roughly the distance from Chicago to Mexico City.

The vast scope of the Russo-German battles almost staggers the imagination. More divisions fight on a single sector of this front than are engaged on other fronts during the course of whole campaigns. For example, the invasion and initial battles in Italy involved fewer than 15 German and Allied divisions, while there are more than 500 divisions—perhaps 600—on the Russian front. The Russians alone have suffered more casualties than the total strength of all U. S. armed forces.

The steady retreat of the German Army is particularly impressive in view of its earlier victories. Two years ago these conquerors of Europe thundered confidently into Soviet territory and seized in only 5 months some 600,000 square miles. Graphically, this is equal to triple the combined size of New York, New Jersey, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Connecticut and Delaware. Today, following the smashing offensive by the Red Army, the Germans are more than halfway out again, and still retreating.

The great Russian offensive began on July 12. After repulsing a German drive at Belgorod and Orel, the Russians at Orel suddenly opened an artillery barrage 10 times heavier than the shelling at Verdun. The impact from 3,000 guns to a mile of front staggered the Nazis, who fell back to begin the terrible retreat that already has advanced the Russian Army as close to Poland as New York is to Albany.

The "Russe" is at Smolensk, Kiev and Dniepropetrovsk, great cities on the Dnieper River and the three kingpin bases for Hitler in Russia. The Germans in the Kuban and Crimea are hard-pressed and retreating; their last rail line to the main German positions is under fire. The center of the Red line points sharply in a huge wedge at the heart of Germany's positions. Only 75 miles beyond lies the impassable Pripet Marshes, where the retreating German forces will be forced to split in the center. German military spokesmen admit the "possibility" of a retreat "even beyond" the Dnieper. The Russians, who apparently find rivers no barrier, are already assaulting the Germans across that stream.

Hitler's dreams of world conquest completely vanished the past 3 months on the Russian front. The German Army's long-awaited drive this summer collapsed only 7 days after it started. General Winter, Russia's great strategist, will soon be in action again. But already the Nazis are falling back—to Berlin. The Russian front was one front the Germans wanted but that was long ago.

BALKANS.

The Allied invasion of Italy started an eruption in the Balkans. For three years, patriotic guerrillas in Greece and Yugoslavia, estimated to total 300,000 fighting men, have fought a hit-and-run war against the Nazis. Where they could, when they could, however they could, the guerrilla bands killed and destroyed. But they fought against great odds. Forty-seven German, Italian and Bulgarian divisions held the cities and the little towns and made the patriots pay brutal punishment.

But on July 20, in a dramatic meeting at a peasant's house in a mountain village, Allied officers signed an agreement with Greek leaders, naming Lt. Gen. Sir Henry M. Wilson, United Nations Near East commander, as new leader of the Balkan war against the Nazis. The Greek guerrillas became a recognized military organization under a single command.

When the Allies struck Italy and the Adriatic Sea became safe again, the Balkans blew up. German forces in Susak, Fiume and Gorizia, cities close to the Italo-Yugoslav border, were attacked, as well as those in Spalato, important naval base on the central Yugoslav coast.

Sections of the Dalmatian coast quickly fell to patriot armies. In coordinated action, the Allies simultaneously seized the key Aegean islands of Leros, Samos and Kos, stepping stones to strong German positions in Greece. This move threatened German bases on Rhodes and Crete.

In Albania, 100,000 Italian troops dropped out of the war. Twenty-five Italian divisions in Greece and Yugoslavia also quickly quit.

The organized offensive in the Balkans will probably be bloody. The Germans are committed to holding the Balkans for the strategic protection of their troops in Russia and northern Italy.

But the most important of the Balkan bands are today an integral unit of the United Nations' armed forces. New arms and new equipment are being delivered to the free armies of Greece and Yugoslavia. Their strategy is unified with Allied strategy. The Balkan front is one on which the Germans will fight fiercely, but it is a front they did not want.

the German Army will still be at least as strong as the total combined land forces of all the United Nations fighting in Europe.

Nevertheless, the loss of Italian troops may well create serious difficulties for the Germans. The seven Italian divisions in France have to be replaced. Sardinia and Corsica, containing nine Italian divisions, are under Allied control partly because Germany could perhaps ill afford to risk additional Nazis to replace the Italians. In and near the Balkan area, including the islands, 31 Italian divisions are disarmed, leaving a huge gap for the Germans to fill.

Air power will help to win the campaign in Italy. The Allies have such vastly superior air strength that times go by when the *Luftwaffe* is never even seen. Sea power, which often works when air forces and land forces cannot, will also help; in Sicily, Axis troops that were able to stand bombings and artillery fire collapsed under naval barrages. But the campaign will be finally settled by soldiers fighting on Italy's soil, where Allied and Axis strategy is already clearly outlined.

The Germans will probably establish their first main defense line in northern Italy between Leghorn and Ancona, now a well-fortified zone of field works and pillboxes. Beyond there the Allied armies will meet another defense zone some 100 miles farther north, along the Po River, stretching from Turin to Ferrara. Behind this second fortification, there is a third zone, from Milan to Venice, and then the Alps, greatest barrier of all. With unchallenged sea power, however, the Allies may attempt "leapfrog" tactics as they did in Sicily, landing from the sea behind enemy lines.

Today it is estimated that the Germans have 24 to 26 divisions, perhaps more, concentrated in central and northern Italy under Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, outstanding Nazi tactician. Additional Allied reserves are pouring over Italy's shores, and Allied planes are raking German defenses. The 17 Italian divisions in Italy are for the most part keeping far clear of the war they never wanted, though some of them are resisting the Germans. In the Nazi-held cities of the north, Italian workers are defying the Germans, and sabotage is widespread. Most of Italy's major warships—six out of seven battleships, for example—are under Allied control. Now the Allies are planning to use northern Italy's airfields as bomber bases for the plastering of eastern and southern Germany, areas that are at present out of our effective range.

This is the front the Germans never wanted. Fighting Russian drives in the east, they must now turn southward to fight another great army as close to Germany's borders as the Russian Army. Despite the Nazi superiority of numbers and Hitler's determination to keep the war on foreign soil, the strategy the Germans now have to follow in Italy is the strategy of retreat.

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Stories from the Italian Front; One About a Bronx Pfc. Who Talks German

ALTAVILLA, ITALY [By Cable] — Pfc. Peter Schneider, a fighting man of Swiss descent from the Bronx, N. Y., speaks German like a native. That's why 18 Jerries are lying dead on the crest of a hill above Altavilla.

Advancing up the hill in a 9-man American patrol, Schneider heard some orders from a German officer on the other side of the slope. He translated them to his squad leader and the squad leader stationed his men accordingly.

Then Schneider began to issue his own orders. "Move to the left!" he shouted in Hitler's language.

The obedient Nazis moved and the Yank rifles sounded off. By the time Schneider was through giving orders, the entire Nazi patrol was wiped out, including the officer. Peter took care of him personally.

Topkick's Luck

A FIRST sergeant from Texas and 28 other Yanks were too gravely wounded to be moved from the German field hospital near Altavilla when the Nazis pulled out of the area in a hurry.

For four days, one captured American doctor, with the help of some Italian peasants, took care of the wounded men until U. S. forces caught up with them. Now the topkick lies in an American evacuation hospital, marveling at his luck—with an arm and leg shattered by mortar fragments, bloody scabs all over his body and an eye that may never see again.

The first sergeant had been in the Army 11 years waiting patiently for a chance to fight, which finally came here in Italy in the early desperate days after the first landings. He had only fired 40 rounds from his tommy gun when he was blasted off the ground. When he opened his eyes again, he found himself a prisoner at the German aid station.

Engineers at the Bridge

HORATIUS at the Bridge had nothing on the squad of 11 combat engineers that gloomy day when it seemed as though a flock of German tanks were going to push toward the beach through their position.

Sent out to protect a bridge across a gully on the north side of the Sele River, the squad was armed with two 37-mm guns, one 50-caliber and two 30-caliber machine guns—a pretty feeble collection of weapons to put against a bunch of Mark IVs. But the squad dug in and sat back to wait for the worst.

After a while, seven Nazi tanks came into view, crossing a field and heading toward the bridge. But the engineers held their fire. The observer in the first tank was a German major. When he spotted one of the 37s, he shouted an order, but his words were drowned out by the blast of the American guns that stopped the tank in its tracks.

The major wasn't hurt. He and the crew jumped out and started to run but they were all cut down by machine-gun fire. The rest of the tanks swung around and pulled away from there fast. The Nazis did not cross the bridge that day.

The Yanks who held the bridge were Sgt. Dominick Polilli of Philadelphia, Pa.; Cpl. Bill Charreter of Concord, Ga.; Cpl. Andrew Ceganack of Doylestown, Pa.; Cpl. Clarence T. Hines of Buffalo, N. Y.; Pfc. James F. Cleveland of Huntsville, Pa.; Pfc. Floyd McDougal of Sistersville, W. Va.; Pfc. R. B. Lee of Winder, Ga.; Pfc. Frank B. Vitus of Joliet, Ill.; Pvt. Alfred Hall of Rockymount, Va., and two other men who were too modest to give their names.

New Kind of Lighter

HAGGARD, spent and half-starved after six days behind the German lines, a group of American soldiers staggered out of the woods almost into the arms of American patrols. They had been given up for lost after German tanks broke through their defensive positions in the Sele River sector and surrounded them.

"We were ordered to defend the river bank," said Sgt. Vaughan Taylor. "When the German tanks came, we could do nothing except dig in. They were all around us."

"I can't understand why they didn't discover us," said Cpl. Edward B. Gutkowski. "We were only about 200 yards from their machine guns and ack-ack guns."

The patrol gave the rescued men some food, their first in a week, and cigarettes. While they were isolated, the Yanks smoked leaves of dry corn, which they rolled in paper and lit by using their binoculars to catch the rays of the sun.

—North Africa *Stars and Stripes*

This Week's Cover

SGT. Archie McLean of Rhodes, Mich., looks like a man who has been to the wars. And he has. Already a veteran of the fighting on Guadalcanal, he fought the Jap again in New Georgia. In the battle near Munda, described by YANK's Sgt. Mack Morriss (beginning on page 3), McLean's squad of riflemen had the job of protecting machine-gun crews.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. John Bushemi. 7—Left, INP; right, Acme. 8—Sgt. Ken Abbott. 9—Upper, INP; lower left, Acme; lower right, INP. 10—Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 12 & 13—Army Air Forces. 16—Left & upper left, Sgt. Dillon Ferris; lower left, PRO, Enid Army Flying School, Okla.; center, Sgt. John Frano. 17—Upper right & left, Sgt. Ferris; center left, Moore Field, Tex.; center right, Camp Phillips, Kans.; lower left, Fort Benning, Ga.; lower right, Signal Corps, Ninth Service Command. 20—Paramount Pictures. 21—Upper, Columbia Pictures; lower, Columbia Broadcasting System. 23—Upper right, Acme; center row, all PA except center, Acme; lower left, INP.

Jack Benny Finds West Africa Just Like Waukegan in a Blackout

WEST AFRICA—Several hundred soldiers royally welcomed the man who made the violin famous, Jack Benny, when the comedian landed here from a DC-3 called *Five Jerks to Cairo*.

Noting several hundred African natives working on the runways, Benny commented that "I've never seen so many Rochesters in all my life." He and his troupe were on the first leg of a tour of Army camps in the Middle and Near East.

Welcome as Benny was, actresses Anna Lee and Wini Shaw were probably even more so; many of the GIs here had not seen a girl in more than a year. Cpl. Abe Fass of Brooklyn, N. Y., got the one and only kiss given by Miss Lee.

The Benny show was scheduled to play at the "Sandy Hollow Outdoor Theater" but a cloudburst suddenly transformed the place into a miniature lake. By six hours of hard work, the post engineers rigged up an indoor stage.

Larry Adler, the harmonica virtuoso, and Jack Snyder, accordionist, received warm ovations. Then Benny introduced red-headed British Miss Lee with "Hey, fellas, a woman! Remember?" Jack said he was disappointed in Africa; "it's just like Waukegan in a blackout."

Earlier in the afternoon the comedian posed for a picture with Sgt. Joseph Gauvin of Waltham, Mass., T/Sgt. Marshall Butler of Greensburg, Pa., T/Sgt. Bud Weston of Portland, Maine, and Cpl. Richard Mendall of Ridlonville, Maine. [*See photo below.*]

—Sgt. KEN ABBOTT
YANK Field Correspondent

That's Benny with the felt fedora.

Want to See the Japs Fried? Then Try This Restaurant in India

NEW DELHI, INDIA—American chow hounds in India who like to supplement mess-hall menus with midnight snacks are double-timing their molars on "Fried Japs" and "Boiled Tojo" these days, instead of hamburgers and ice cream.

The scene of their midnight mastication of all things Nipponese is the Peiping Chinese Restaurant in New Delhi. There they can satisfy both their appetites and their opinions by such delicacies as "Roasted Little Japs," "Tokyo Earthquake" and "Broken Axis," at prices ranging from 6 *annas* (12 cents) to 2 *rupees* (64 cents).

Mo Yim Ting, the restaurant manager, suggests the "Chef's Special" for any soldier who is griped about the mess sergeant's menus. Ting guarantees satisfaction and throws in a sing-song bite-by-bite description of each dish for good measure. Here's the "Chef's Special" with Ting's own description of each course's significance:

"Jap Devil Soup," tomato broth appropriately colored for the blood that will flow in Japan before the Allies get through. The fish course is "Boiled Tojo," representing Ting's best wishes to fish-faced Tojo. Then comes the *piece de resistance*, "Bomb Tokyo," which is chopped-up chickens and vegetables representing Tokyo's future when the Allies start bombing it. For dessert, Ting suggests American ice cream to cool off hot teeth and hotter tempers. A cup of China tea, described by Ting as a traditionally mild and peace-inspiring beverage, tops off the dinner.

Ting's menu also includes such other delicacies as "Hitler Under Vivisection," which is GI hash in disguise, and "The Big Four," or pork croquettes made in the shapes of lions' heads to represent China, the United States, Britain and Russia. The "Fried Japs" are really fried prawn, a species of small fish usually gobbled up by larger fish when they venture out into deep water. Ting claims the Japs invited a similar fate by attacking the U. S.

To carry out the U. S.-China "united effort" theme, the walls of the restaurant are lined with pictures of Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-shek, alongside a mural that includes China's Kuomintang Sun, the Statue of Liberty and the Stars and Stripes.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Across the Years He Did Not Forget His Buddy in the Argonne

NEWFOUNDLAND—The canteen was crowded, the smell of beer was strong and the smoke was thick. Ernest McLean of Cleveland, Ohio, a merchant seaman whose last ship had been torpedoed, ordered an armful of canned beer to quench a long thirst.

As he reached for a chair at a nearby table, McLean noticed a soldier across the way who seemed strangely familiar. "Hello, you old son of a gun," McLean roared, slapping Pvt. Laurence Gilbert of Augusta, Maine, on the back.

"Buddy," said Gilbert good-naturedly, "you got the wrong man." It took a couple of minutes before he recognized McLean. Twenty-five years ago they had fought side by side in the mud of the Argonne Forest.

—Sgt. FRANK BODE
YANK Field Correspondent

Here's a Pleasant Illness—Puerto Rican 'Jungle Jolliness'

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—Two of the old-timers at this tropical base, Sgt. Homer Bennett and S/Sgt. Robert Zellers of Miami, Fla., have organized a "Jungle Jolly Club." Jungle Jolliness is a disease as dangerous as malaria but much more pleasant.

A man may be said to be jungle jolly when he stops talking about his home town in the States, when he prefers rotgut native rum to PX beer and when all the local brown girls appear to turn white.

The club has only one strict rule. When some wag asks a Jungle Jolly member if he wants a change of station, the club member must throw up his hands in horror and exclaim:

"What—and leave all this?"

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

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WITH A U. S. SUPPLY DEPOT WELL ESTABLISHED BEHIND THEM, YANK PATROLS ADVANCE OVER OPEN GROUND FROM THE BEACH TOWARD THE FRONT LINES.

YANKS IN ITALY

The Italians Surrendered But The Nazis Are Still There.

AN AMERICAN P-38 LANDS ON AN ITALIAN FIELD WHERE NAZI EQUIPMENT STILL BURNS.

A LONG LINE OF JEEPS MOVES ALONG A DE-MINED ROAD.

Horse by the Name of Howard Changed Shape of This Alaska Cabin

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—Itchy Horse is a small native village whose population varies from 15 to 50. The number changes because the inhabitants split their time three ways, spending some of it at Itchy Horse, some at fishing camps and trap lines, and the rest at the nearest town's liquor store.

Itchy Horse has only one store of its own, a log-cabin trading post. Once this structure was normal, but today it looks like a Chinese junk going down at the bow, or maybe like the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Through the window at the north end of the trading post, you can see clouds almost directly overhead. The two windows at the south end offer an excellent view of the wooden sidewalk.

The shelves of the trading post also hew to this peculiar geometric pattern, and all the merchandise tilts on an uneven keel. You are not surprised to find that the trader himself is a pronounced departure from the vertical, a flesh-and-blood defiance of the laws of gravity.

What forces of nature warped this sturdy trading post and its sturdy trader? No, it was not a hurricane.

It seems that once, many years ago, the trader bought a horse from a miner in a settlement down the river. The horse's name was Oscar, but the trader changed it to Howard, as Taft was President at the time.

The trader let Howard run loose, but since there was no place to run to, he stuck around the cabin. There were plenty of trees, but Howard got the habit of backing up against the trading post to scratch his rump.

Howard wasn't a big horse, but he was steady. One day the trader noticed that the back door wouldn't open. The north wall, no longer vertical, was leaning to the south, and the door was jammed against the floor. The trader planed a few inches from the bottom of the door, and the more Howard scratched, the shorter the door got.

Then one day the trader got an idea. He decided to fix the door the same way it got unfixed, to right the building the way it got wronged. So he tethered Howard to the front end of the building, expecting that in time the horse's scratching would push the house the other way far enough to even it up.

What happened? Howard, the ornery old son-uvabitch, died that same night.

—Sgt. E. J. COGHLAN
YANK Field Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

NINE MONTHS ON THE ICECAP

The story of seven soldiers who survived one of the Army's toughest details—35 weeks of weather recording in the frozen wilds of Greenland.

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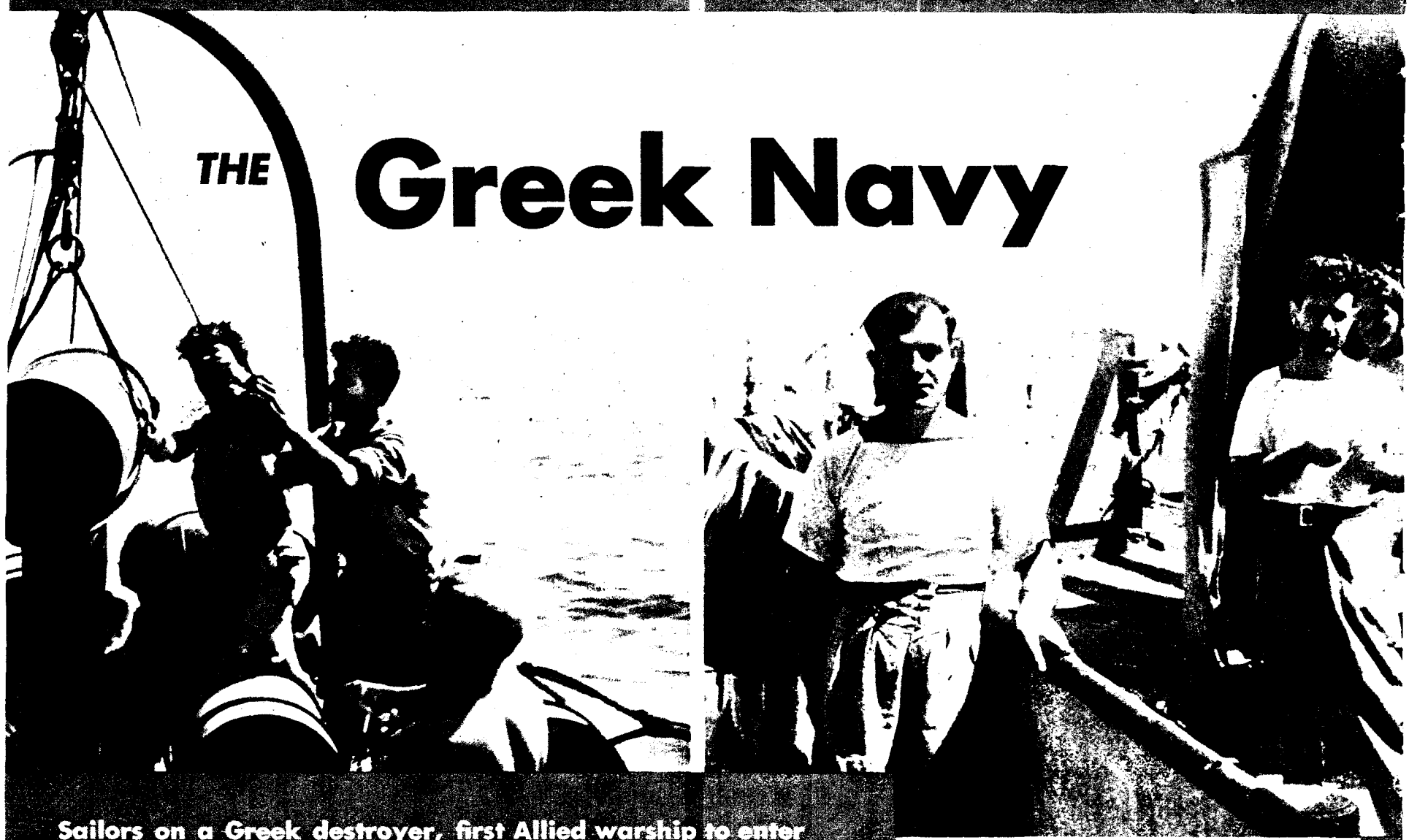
The destroyer's depth-charge crew in action, hoisting an "ash can" into place.

This American (left) of Greek ancestry, from Iowa, is ship's quartermaster.



THE Greek Navy

Sailors on a Greek destroyer, first Allied warship to enter Augusta's harbor in the Sicilian campaign, await the day when they will help to free their own homeland from the terrors of the German occupation.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOARD THE GREEK DESTROYER *Kanaris*—"If you get back to Des Moines before I do," he said, "stop in the Seafood Grotto and give everybody my regards. And tell them I'll be back soon."

The 37-year-old quartermaster and reserve gunner whose name I can't mention is the only American member of the crew of this Greek destroyer in the Mediterranean. He used to be a counterman at his brother's restaurant back home in Iowa, but was visiting his parents in Greece when Italy invaded the country in October 1940.

Enlisting in the Greek Army, he fought through six major battles and the entire Albanian campaign. Germany intervened in April 1941 to save the faltering Italians, and the Greeks were overcome. The American, then a corporal, was demobilized with the rest.

He remained in Nazi-occupied Greece until last February, when he escaped to Egypt and enlisted in the Greek Navy. He has been on the *Kanaris* ever since, in the North African campaign, the invasion of Sicily and on Allied convoy trips through the Mediterranean.

The *Kanaris* is a destroyer of the new Royal Hellenic Navy. The Germans thought they destroyed the Greek fleet forever when they sank 4 of its 10 destroyers, 10 of its 13 torpedo boats and many auxiliary vessels in the 1941 blitz.

But today the refitted and rearmed remnants of the Greek fleet have been supplemented by British- and American-made destroyers; corvettes and other vessels. Manning these warships, whose total tonnage is above pre-war Greek naval strength, are twice the number of officers and men who sailed under the Hellenic flag in 1941. Instead of 200 officers and 2,700 men, there are 345 officers and 5,800 petty officers and men.

The *Kanaris* was the first Allied warship to sail into the harbor of Augusta in the Sicilian campaign. Her big guns bombarded the coastal defenses into silence, clearing the way for British troops which took over the town a few hours later. Earlier the destroyer had convoyed troops to Sicily and shelled other eastern coastal positions in support of the British Eighth Army.

While on patrol duty off Cape Bon during the Tunisian mop-up, when the Axis was attempting a Dunkirk, the *Kanaris* shelled the small Axis island garrison of Zembla into surrender and sent a landing party ashore to capture some 120 German and Italian prisoners.

Like the American counterman from Des Moines, more than half of the ship's company on this destroyer escaped from German-occupied Greece under the very eyes of *Gestapo* agents and the Nazi army of occupation. Native-born Greeks are in the majority, but England, Canada, Rumania, Egypt and Syria are also represented on the crew. When their motherland was conquered, these sailors came to fight for her freedom, though many have never been to Greece.

On this voyage I took with the *Kanaris*, the destroyer met no enemy action as it escorted an Allied convoy through the Mediterranean. The crew was disappointed. On her three previous trips, the *Kanaris* beat off Nazi dive-bombing attacks, accounting for four "probables," and silenced enemy coastal guns.

The destroyer's 15-year-old pom-pom gunner liked those trips. In many ways he is still just a kid. He talks in a high, quavering pitch. His brown eyes, big and round like Eddie Cantor's, gleam mischievously when he plays a practical joke on the other crew members.

But mention Germans to the kid and he's not a kid any longer. Cold hate hardens those Eddie Cantor eyes, the kind of emotion you don't expect in a 15-year-old. When he speaks of Nazis, he uses violent adjectives that sound doubly filthy coming from a kid his age. The Germans made a man out of him.

With his father and older brother, he was imprisoned and beaten daily for three months in a vain effort to make him confess they had hidden a gun in their home. Later they escaped to Egypt, where his brother joined the Greek Army and he joined the Navy.

There are others on the *Kanaris* who hope and hate. Like the 19-year-old signalman who hasn't seen his family since he left their village in northern Greece three years ago. "Sometime soon we go back to Greece," he said as we stood on the moonlit signal deck where he blinked out messages to other ships in the convoy.

"When we left port to invade Sicily, the crew thought we were going to Greece. All of us were very happy. But out at sea the captain told us we were going to Sicily. We felt disappointed then. But later we said, 'Never mind, we will go to Greece through Italy and Albania.'"

Just then we got the signal that 36 Junkers-88s had been sighted north of Malta. The ship's company was alerted at once, though the Nazi planes were still more than an hour away. Later Royal Air Force Spitfires intercepted them, shot down four and chased the remainder back home.

But as soon as the alert was flashed, the sailors manned their guns. The first to reach the aft guns was a 34-year-old chief petty officer, on his first trip since he rejoined the Greek fleet. His last ship was sunk by Nazi dive-bombers during the evacuation of British troops from Greece in 1941. Only five weeks ago he was still in Nazi-occupied Athens. You could see he was still a bit amazed to be walking on decks again.

But the Mediterranean has changed since Sicily fell and the principal Italian warships surrendered to the Allies. The crew of the *Kanaris* is itching for major action again. These Greek sailors want to move on to the Adriatic, Ionian and Aegean seas—waters that Greek seafaring men have sailed since the days of Homer.

The Greek Navy will soon be there.

This 15-year-old gunner escaped from the Nazis.

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Palestine Express

By Pvt. IRWIN SHAW
YANK Field Correspondent

TEL AVIV, PALESTINE—The train for Palestine pulled out of Cairo station slowly, to the accompaniment of wailing shrieks from the platform peddlers selling lemonade, cold coffee, pornographic literature, grapes, old copies of *Life* and flat Arab bread.

The train was long and crowded, and it had seen better days. It had been standing in the wild Egyptian sun all morning and part of the afternoon, and it had a very interesting smell.

It carried Englishmen, Scots, Welshmen, Palestinians, Indians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Australians, Americans, French, Senussi, Bantus, Senegalese; it carried Egyptian civilians, Arab civilians, Palestinian civilians; it carried generals, colonels, lieutenants, sergeants and privates—and it carried bugs. The generals and lieutenants it carried first class. The sergeants it carried second class. The privates it carried third class. The bugs it carried all classes.

It didn't travel fast. A good, strong man in the prime of life, who did not smoke too much, could have jumped out and trotted beside it without too much trouble from Cairo to Lydda. It stopped as often as a woman in a bargain basement. It stopped for coal, it stopped for water, it stopped every time a barge appeared somewhere on one of the hundreds of canals we crossed, it stopped every time the tracks ran near two palm trees growing within 50 yards of each other, for that constitutes a settlement in this part of the world.

When it stopped, hundreds of Egyptians of all ages would spring up, selling pale round watermelons, dirty bunches of grapes, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes and warm lemon soda right out of the Nile. The merchandising was carried on in hurried shrill yells, like a girls' dormitory after lights out, and your salesman was likely to disappear suddenly in mid-purchase as the local policeman came into view, snapping a long bullwhip over slow calves and buttocks.

The third-class cars were built by firm believers in the Spartan life for the common man. They spurned straw, spurned springs, spurned leather. Everything was made out of good solid wood, at stern right angles with more good solid wood. Every seat was taken and there were packs, rifles, musette bags and piles of canned apricots all over the aisles.

Native women squatted alongside the tracks doing their washing in canal water that had been there since St. Paul; brown boys splashed and waved at us; water buffaloes, blinded by straw hats tied over their eyes, went round and round endlessly, drawing water up to the field.

In my end of the car there was a general confusion of British Tank Corps men, returning to their units from the hospital in Cairo, and six Indians who made themselves very much at home, setting up camp in all available space and preparing and eating their native dishes from 3 P. M. until bedtime. Across the aisle were two very tanned South Africans in shorts, who looked disapprovingly on the whole thing and conversed coldly in Afrikaans as we chugged past Suez.

By nightfall, despite the immense quantities of watermelon and lemon soda that had been consumed, there was an air of deep hunger hanging over the car, and when the word was passed around that at the next station there was a NAAFI (British Post Exchange) where we would be fed, there was a determined rush to get out Dixies and tin cups. The British soldier would no more think of going any place without his Dixie and tin cup than he would think of appearing without pants in Piccadilly Circus.

I had neither mess tin nor cup and was mournfully admiring British foresight when a little middle-aged Tommy on my right, who had spent the whole afternoon silently and religiously reading a magazine called *Gen*, perusing advertisements and fiction page by page without partiality, quietly offered me a mess tin.

There was a great combing of hair in the tradition that the Briton dresses for dinner no matter where the meal finds him, and thousands of us started leaping off the train before it had fully stopped. We lined up and were served sandwiches, cakes and good hot strong tea by Egyptians in elegant white cotton gloves.

"There's beer at the other end of the station," reported a British sailor. "Ruppert's. Half a crown a can." There was no movement toward the other end of the station.

On the train was a party of sailors who had just come back from Sicily and were feeling good about it. They had manned the landing barges in the invasion and said it hadn't been bad. "We only had two boat rides," they said. "Boat rides" meant bringing in troops under fire. "It was just like the movies," one of them said. "They kept firing at us and the water kept shooting up all around, but they never hit us."

One of them had been at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for six months during the war while the ship he was on was being repaired. "Oh, it's a lovely city, Brooklyn," he sighed. "And I had a lovely girl in Jamaica. It took me an hour in the subway each way, but it was worth it. A lovely city, but I couldn't live there. The pace is too fast for me. I'd be worn out in a year."

While everybody settled down for the night, I foolishly sat on the open platform, smoking and watching the desert roll by in the starlight. When I went in to go to sleep, I discovered that the Indians had spread a little more, and there was no place to sit, stand or lie inside. Everyone else seemed to be asleep and the car was full of snores and the rich smell of many soldiers who had traveled far in a hot climate with no water available. Only the two South Africans remained awake, staring coldly out through the closed windows at the desert.

The train to Tel Aviv carries every kind of general, private and civilian under the sun and stops as often as a woman in a Brooklyn bargain basement.

I went into the next car. Luckily one of the sailors had rolled off the bench on a turn and remained where he was on the floor, too lazy to move. So I curled myself among the arms, legs, snores and sleepy cries of love and battle in the crowded car and tried to sleep.

WHEN I awoke at 4 A.M. we were in Palestine. As I sat there watching the first orange streaks over the little dark tree-crested hills, the two South Africans came out. We began to talk. They had just come from near Tripoli after 2½ years in the desert, fighting most of the time. This was their first leave, 21 days, and they had flown down to Cairo and were on their way to Tel Aviv.

One of them had suggested getting a truck ride up to Tel Aviv, but the other had said: "No. We are on a holiday. Let's spend some money and be comfortable. Let's take the train." They chuckled sourly as they told me.

"Third class," one of them said. "Why, in South Africa we wouldn't send cows to market in these trains. How about in America?"

I told him that I guessed we wouldn't send cows to market in America in these trains, either.

"Third class," the other said. "Why, before the war, any place I went I would only stay in the best hotel in town."

"And in Cairo," the first one said, "any restaurant with a tablecloth is out of bounds to other ranks. I've had it. I've had this war. I volunteered and I fought for 2½ years and we were among the first to get into Tripoli. I've heard a lot of bullets go by. I've been dive-bombed and I've gone without water and I was perfectly satisfied. But this train ride finishes me. I've had this war, and they can have it back any time they want."

And he went inside to think about the pretty girls on the beach at Tel Aviv.

I sat on the platform and watched the morning sun break over the hills and light the orange groves and vineyards.

A little later the train stopped and we got off to take the bus to Tel Aviv. On the bus I met a lieutenant, a friend of mine, who had also come down by train. He looked very tired.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That damned first class," he said. "No room to lie down. You sit up all night. Next time I take this blasted ride, I'm taking my bars off and traveling third."

Behind me I heard a wild, snorting sound. It was the South Africans, laughing.

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1.

ALONG THE MARKHAM RIVER NEAR LAE, BOSTON BOMBERS PREPARE THE WAY FOR ONCOMING PARATROOPERS BY LAYING DOWN A LONG SMOKE SCREEN.

3.

WITH SOME LANDED AND SOME IN THE AIR, THE PARATROOPERS ARE CLOSING THE BACK DOOR TO LAE. THE SMOKE SCREEN (RIGHT) HAS CONCEALED THE ACTION.

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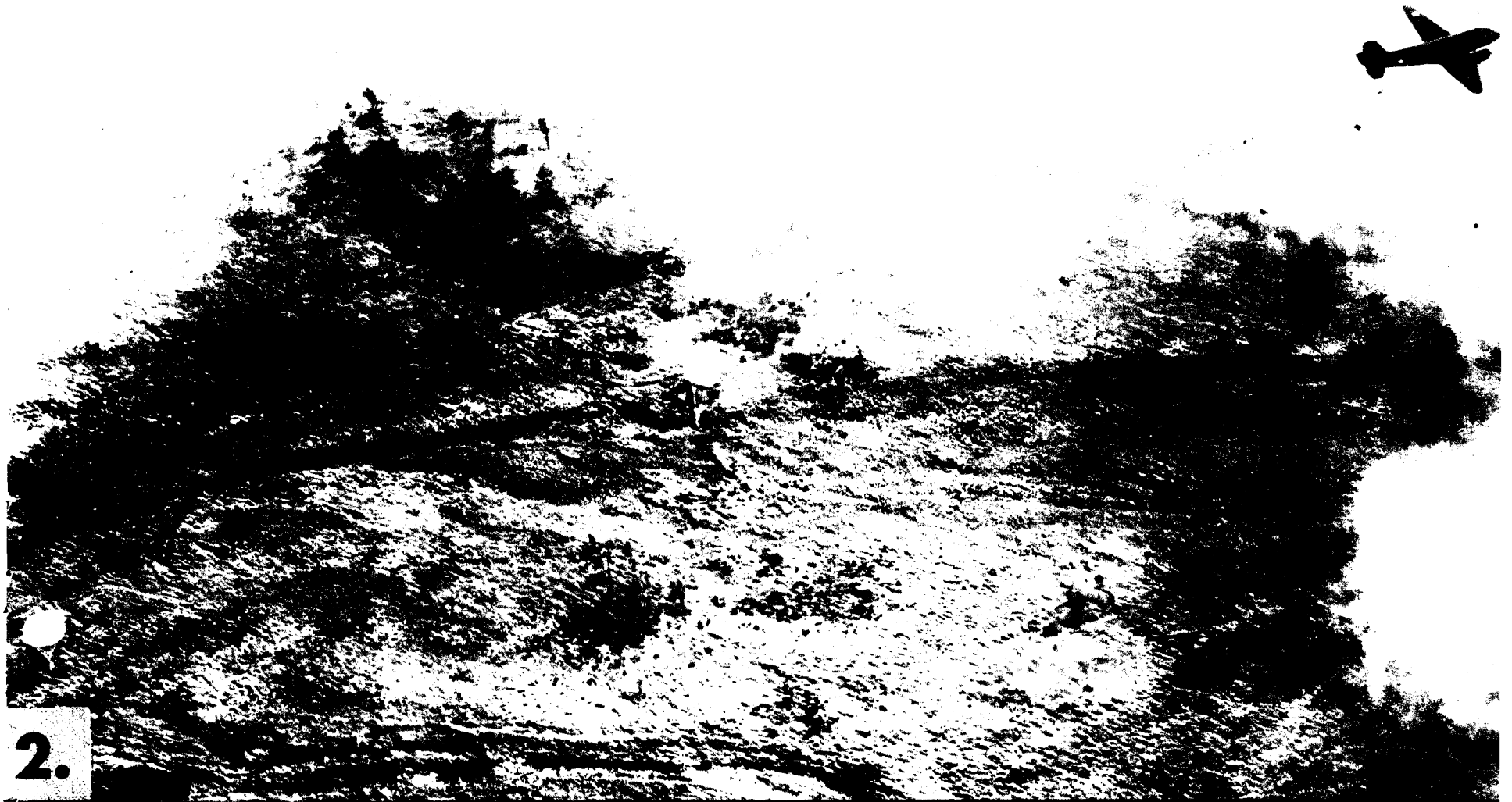

2.

ONE OF THE PLANES DISCHARGES ITS CARGO. FROM RIGHT TO LEFT CAN BE SEEN ALL THE STAGES OF PARACHUTING—FROM THE FIRST JUMP TO NEAR-LANDING.

TRAPPING THE JAP.

These remarkable pictures were made over New Guinea as American paratroopers were used for the first time in the Pacific Theater. The camera follows them as they descend on the Markham Valley, west of Lae, to block the escape of 20,000 Japanese who were faced by the Australian forces to the east.

4.

SPILLED PARACHUTES DOT THE GROUND WHERE THE AMERICANS ARE ALREADY SPRINGING INTO ACTION, HIDDEN BY HIGH GRASS, TO CUT OFF THE JAPS.

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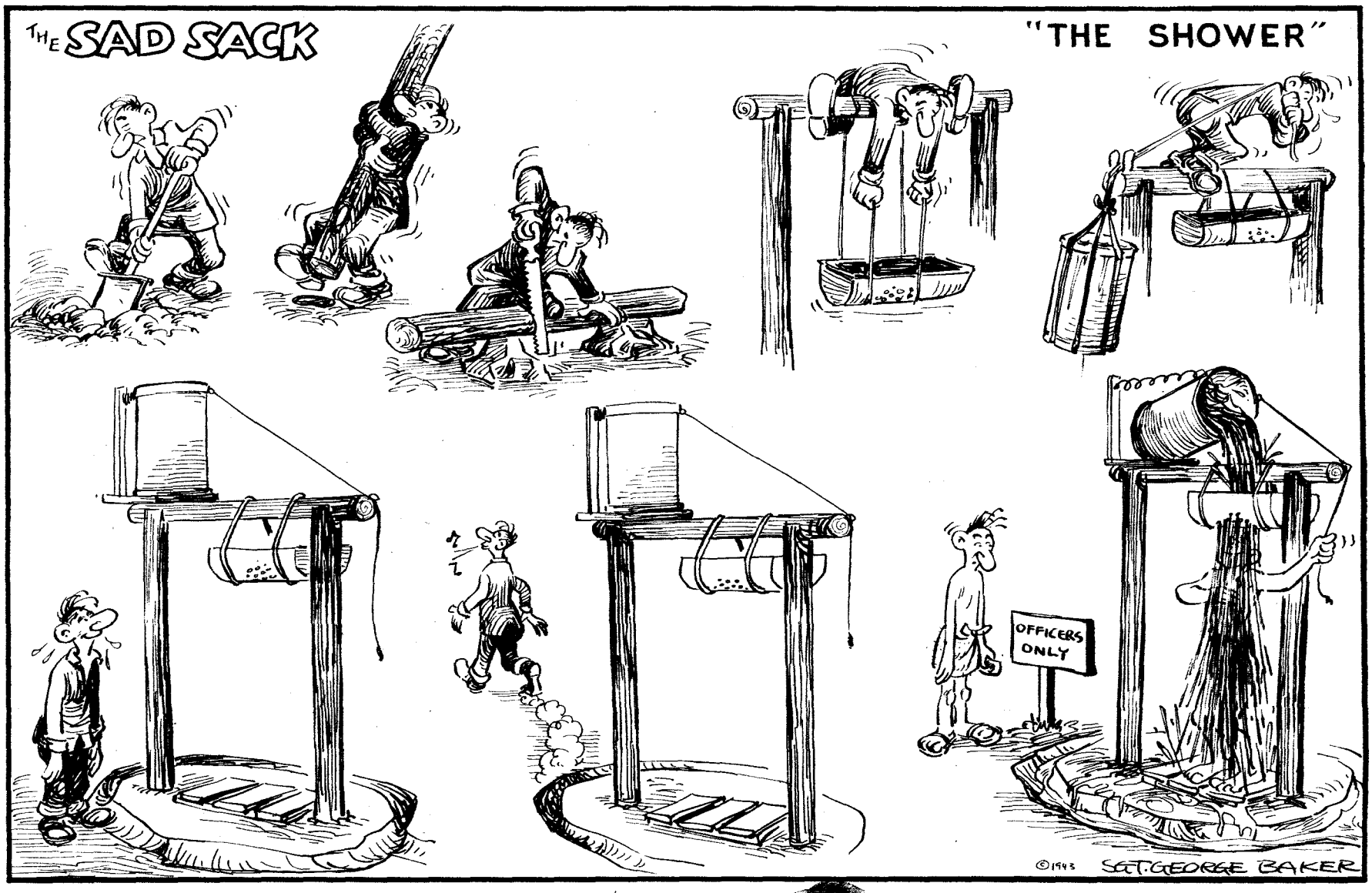

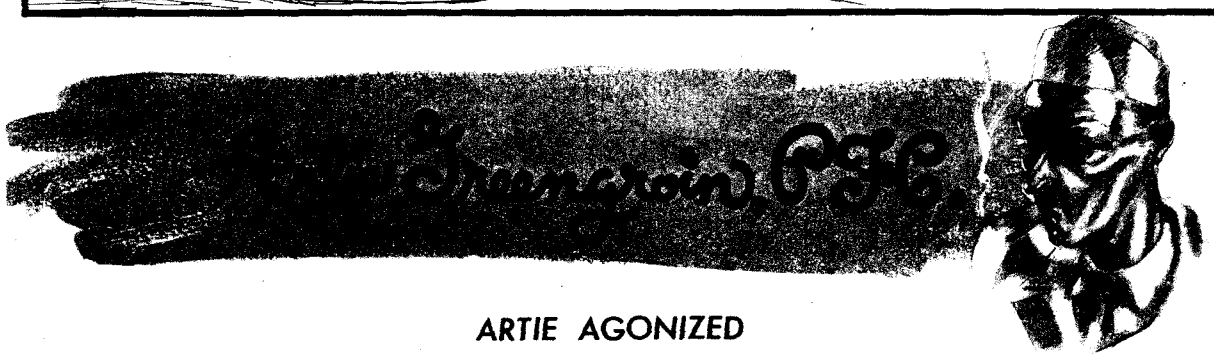

ARTIE AGONIZED

"FOR Heaven's sake," we said. "What happened to you?"

Artie Greengroin didn't say anything. He shook his head inside the cloth that was wrapped from his cowlick around his jaw. The right side of his face was noticeably swollen.

"You must have been in a brawl," we said.

With an effort, Artie formed words. "Naw, I ain't been in no brawls," he said. "I been to the gawdam dennis, thass where I been."

"Dennis who?" we asked.

"The gawdam tooth-pulling dennis, thass who," Artie said.

"Oh," we said, "so you've had a tooth pulled."

Artie winced. "Listen," he said, "when I was a civilian in the olden days I could stroll inter a dennis' office and trun meself down in a chair and let him go to woik on me and if the kine of woik he done didn't appeal to me finer sensibilities I could get up and walk out. But in the Army they hand me over to a dennis that's a blassid ole major and I can't open me mouth, except to let him walk in with a red hot iron."

"Did he hurt you?" we asked.

"Did he hurt me?" Artie echoed simulating astonishment. "The ole bassar ruint me. He massacred the lass molar I had to me name."

"We're sorry for you, old boy," we said. "We know exactly what you've been through."

"No, you don't," Artie said. "You got no idea."

"We're listening," we said.

"You went to a dennis or so when you was a civilian, didn't you?" Artie asked.

"Several," we said, "on occasion."

"Did they hoit you?" said Artie.

"Severally," we said, "and on occasion."

"They was innercent babes," said Artie, "conpared to the cannibal that jess finished with me. I don't know what he done when he was a civilian, but he wasn't no dennis. That ole bassar really gives you a gouge."

"He was a major?" we asked.

"Yerse, a full major," Artie said. "But in any army of mine he couldn't even be a blassid private. He might of pulled teeth out of dead horses in the olden days, but he never had nothing to do with any huming beings, you believe me."

"Well," we said, "what happened?"

"I'm coming to that," Artie said. "I can't talk fass, though, because me jaw is killing me. Besides, me soul is seared. I went to this dennis a simple wistful guy and I come out a ole shambles."

"It amazes us, too," we said.

"Thanks for the sympathy, ole top," Artie said. "Well I go inter this orfice and this dennis, this major, pops me down in his chair and says, 'Wass the matter, soldier?' 'I got a mean molar, major,' I says. He jerks me mouth open. 'Which one is it, this one?' he says and he belts one of me bicuspids. 'Naw,' I says, 'it's me molar.' 'This one?' he says, and he sticks a knife into it. Honess to gaw, I hit the roof. 'Thass the one awright,' he says. 'I knew it the minute I seen that big hole in it.' So then he takes a lantern and a pickax and goes down in the hole."

"Horrible," we said.

"Thass what it was, horrible," agreed Artie. "He digs around with his pickax for a while and then he comes up for air. 'I guess I better take it out,' he says. 'Do you want me to pull it out legal or jess knock it out with a hammer?' I says to pull it out legal. 'Thass the trouble with this army,' he says. 'They're too soft. Lass war a man would jess say for me to slug it out with a hammer.' I decided to spar for time a little. 'Was you in the lass war, major?' I ast. 'All through it,' he says. 'I run up and down the Western Front for 16 months, pulling tooth after tooth. I must of took a tooth from every man in the AEF. Ah,' he says, 'them was the days. They wasn't no anesthetic or nothing. You should of heard them sergeants howl.' I didn't say nothing, but I had the feeling that he was going to hear a pfc. howl in a very short time."

"Did he?" we wanted to know.

"Thass what he done, awright," Artie said. "I yelled bloody moider."

"And what did he do?" we asked.

"Why," Artie said, "the ole bassar went right on with his woik as though nothing was going on. He was the most merciless ole major I ever hope to set eyes on. And the woist part of it was I couldn't cuss him or nothing, his being slightly higher than me in rank. I didn't say nothing. I jess yelled, gawdam it."

"So should we," we said.

"AND you know what he kept saying?" Artie said. "He kept saying, 'Whass a little tooth? A little tooth won't do you no harm. Wass the sense of hollering? Ten minnits after it's over you'll feel foolish.' Thass what he kept saying to me. And then he'd say: 'Things wasn't at such a pretty past in the Western Front. Men was men in them days.' Now, thass a silly thing to be saying all the time, ain't it? When I get to be a full major I'm going to drop around to see that guy and give him a slug in the gut. Things probly never come to a pretty past like *that* on the Western Front, neither."

"Of course they didn't," we said.

"Now that it's over, though," Artie said, "I suppose I ought to be resigned to fate. In a couple of months me mouth will be as good as new, or awmost. When you come to think of it, it's trials by fire that make a full man. Perhaps I'm a finer character for what I been through."

"You were always a fine character," we said.

"Thass the kine of talk that warms me ole heart," Artie said. "I tell you what less do. Less go over to a pubs and lift a lager."

"OK," we said.

"When we get there," Artie said, "I'll show you me tooth."

"Have you got it with you?" we asked.

"Yerse," Artie said. "Right here in me gawdam pocket."

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Chevrons for Foreign Service

A LOT of soldiers overseas are wondering why the War Department doesn't authorize the wearing of small gold chevrons on the lower right sleeve of the blouse to show length of foreign service in this war, as it did in 1917 and 1918.

The War Department feels that the present system of handing out foreign-theater ribbons gives the soldier enough means of letting people know he has been places. But the men who favor the gold chevron point out that although the foreign-theater ribbon lends a nice touch of color to the uniform, it doesn't show how long you have served overseas.

They've got a good argument there.

A gold chevron signifying 6 months, or, better still, a year of foreign service, would set a real overseas veteran apart from the USO commandos who go outside the country for a few days and then come back covered with ribbons. And don't think there aren't plenty of those birds around, despite the new regulations establishing combat duty or a minimum of 30 days' consecutive overseas duty as the basis of eligibility for wearing a foreign-theater ribbon. They always will be around as long as the Army and Navy stores are allowed to sell foreign-theater ribbons to anybody who has the money to buy them.

If you want our opinion, service decorations can be had too easily in this Army. We get very embarrassed trying to explain to a British soldier—who was awarded no special ribbons for his combat duty at El Alamein, Tobruk, Bengasi, Tripoli, Tunisia and Sicily—that our impressive bar of gold and red merely means we were in uniform before Pearl Harbor. And we think that the Good Conduct Medal lost most of its value when the time required to earn it was cut down from 3 years to 1 year.

We should have service decorations, like the gold chevron, that have to be earned the hard way.

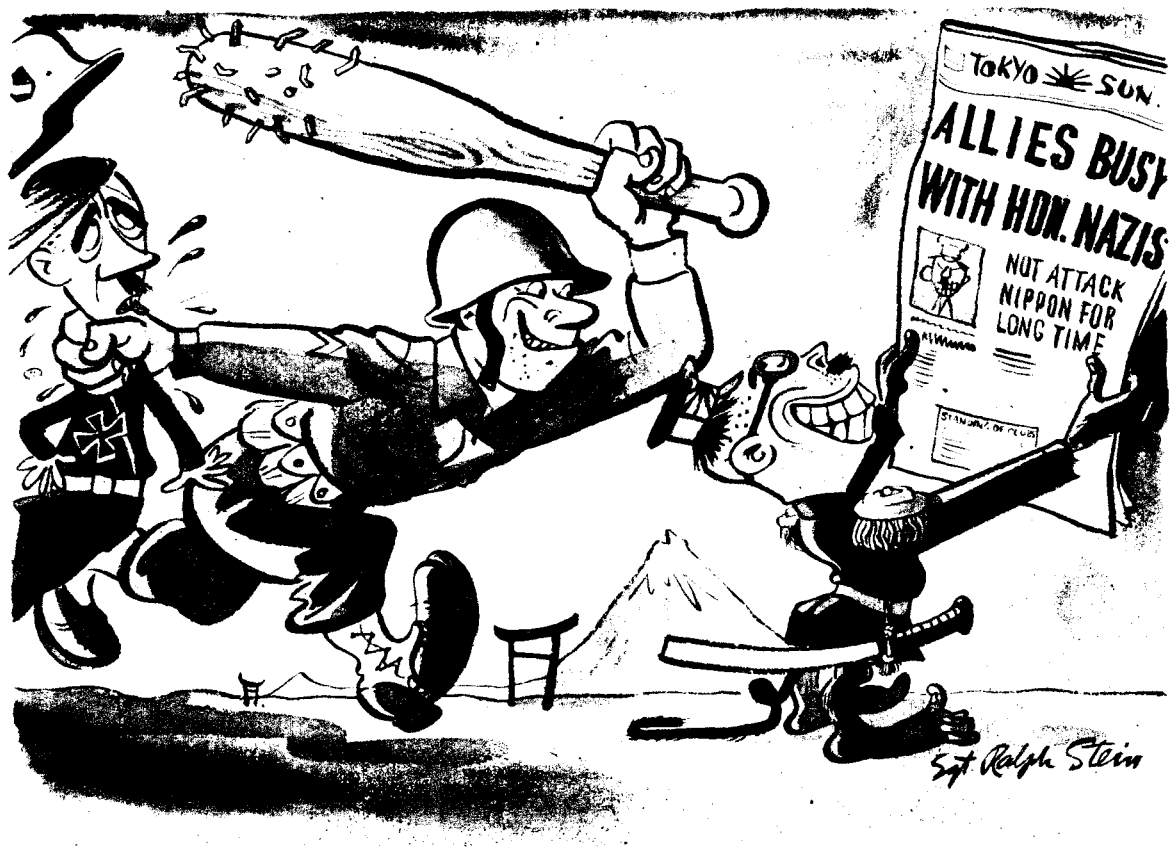
Washington O.P.

WHEN Gen. Marshall appeared before the joint House-Senate Military Affairs Committee to testify on the necessity of drafting pre-Pearl Harbor fathers, he revealed that the Army expects to have 5 million men overseas by Jan. 1, 1945. By the end of this year, 2¼ million men will be overseas. The Army expects to create from 430 to 440 additional battalions of special troops—engineers, mechanics, signalmen, quartermasters and men needed for the operation of occupied ports. . . . The House Ways and Means Committee heard Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson declare that the law allowing the renegotiation of war contracts should be continued. The undersecretary, incidentally, keeps practically an arsenal in his office at the Pentagon. We counted eight rifles, automatic rifles and machine guns, plus two mortars, a machine-gun tripod and a helmet. For tanks, he settles for small-scale models.

The House Appropriations Committee, which has been considering additional appropriations for the maternity and child care of wives of enlisted men, estimated that EM would be responsible for 645,000 pregnancies in the fiscal year of 1944. . . . The Army is spending more than a million bucks a month for recreational and athletic equipment for men at home and overseas. . . . Definite regulations on Wacs wearing civvies off duty are coming soon. . . . You'll be seeing nurses in new two-piece slack suits of brown-and-white striped seersucker on hospital ships and hospital trains and in the warmer climates overseas. . . . The Navy makes members of the Merchant Marine eligible for the Silver Star and the Navy and Marine Medal. . . . The Quartermaster General is calling on farmers to market their turkeys early this year so the Army can get them overseas in time for the traditional Thanksgiving and Christmas turkey dinners.

—YANK's Washington Bureau

DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ IN THE PAPERS



STRICTLY G.I.

Our Navy

FIGURES released by the Navy Department show that during the last 3 years the U.S. has built our Navy into the greatest sea-air power on earth—"its size dwarfed only by the size of the task that confronts it."

The Navy now has 14,072 vessels with a combined displacement tonnage of almost 5 million as against 1,076 vessels displacing 1,875,000 tons 3 years ago. Despite a loss of 58 warships, the present fleet has 613 combatant vessels (battleships, carriers, cruisers, destroyers and submarines) as compared with 383 in 1941, and their tonnage—2,217,982—is 70 percent greater. As an example of "a phenomenal expansion of shipbuilding unequalled in history," the Navy in July 1940 received 5 newly completed vessels and in June 1943 almost 1,200. The tonnage of combatant ships built the first 6 months of this year was more than 20 times that of the first 6 months of the defense program. Combatant vessels made up the largest part of the 3-year shipbuilding program and accounted for more than half of the 5 1/3-billion-dollar cost. Another important item was 12,964 landing craft.

The Navy's air arm has had a 10-fold increase: where there were 1,744 Naval planes three years ago there were 18,269 in July 1943—and these figures do not account for 6,800 planes lost or written off as obsolete and 2,100 transferred to other agencies.

Naval ordnance production has proceeded apace, totaling 2½ billion dollars since July 1941. During the same period, the Navy completed 6½ billion dollars of shore facilities.

Food Prices on Trains

As a result of many complaints from GIs who had been overcharged for food and drink items on railroad day coaches, the OPA has listed the maximum ceiling prices. Here are the important items and the prices you should pay for them: Sandwiches, 15 cents; beverages, including coffee, milk (not less than one-half pint) and soft drinks, 10 cents; desserts, including pies, doughnuts, cookies, ice cream and sherbet, fruits, etc., 10 cents; candies, chocolate bars, potato chips, etc., 10 cents. If, however, a proprietor sold any of these items at a higher price during the period on which the OPA based these prices, he can continue to sell them at the higher prices, provided the wrappers are clearly marked: "OPA ceiling price —¢." But if you're being socked higher prices than those listed without that marking, then you're being overcharged, and the person who is selling you the stuff is violating the law. The OPA asks you to report all such violations to an MP, giving the badge number of the train butcher, and the train, date and items for which you were overcharged.

Plane Insignia Change

The border enclosing the new insignia recently adopted for U.S. military planes has been changed from red to blue. The WD explained that the red border, caught at a flash in air action, sometimes resembles the Japanese insignia.

Arm Patch Adopted by ASTP

Here is the new arm-patch design selected as the official emblem of the ASTP. It depicts the sword of valor against a lamp of knowledge. Both sword and lamp are blue against an octagonal background of yellow. The design was conceived by artists of the QMC and Special Service Division. Production has been started on the insignia and it is expected they will be ready for distribution next month.

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THREE CHEERS! The Great Lakes football team is getting plenty of support this year from its three WAVES cheer leaders. Assigned to the Great Lakes (Ill.) Naval Training Station, they are: Alice Pickell Y3c, Ruby Johnson Y3c and Judy Danielsen Y3c.

HIGH EXPERT. Judging only from Pfc. John Knific's appearance, it takes a square jaw and a keen eye to hit dead center. Top rifleman at Camp Perry, Ohio, he is attached to the 1590th Service Unit.

MUSICAL SOLDIERS. The closing chorus of "Give 'er the Gun," produced at Enid (Okla.) Army Air Field. It was an all Army show, featuring original words and music and a Wac as leading lady.

This Was the Army

Fort Riley, Kans.—The post historian's records here produced proof that the Army isn't what it used to be back on Oct. 22, 1842, when the following was dated:

1. Members of this command will, when shooting at buffaloes, be careful not to fire in the direction of the Commanding Officer's Quarters.
2. The troop officer having the best trained remount for this year will be awarded one barrel of rye whisky.
3. Student officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffaloes.
4. Attention of all officers is called to Paragraph 107, AR, in which it provides that all officers wear beards.
5. Short buffalo overcoats will be ready for issue Nov. 29.

Hepcats' Chow Call

Stewart Field, N. Y.—The following boxed announcement appeared in *Prop Wash*, the newspaper of Stewart Field here at West Point:

> DIG THIS, JACK
>
> Cats in the 340th will pull a creep today and beat their fine pads toward the scarf shack to dig a Gable full of solid, downtown hum by Miss Betty Roche, chic chick of the Duke Ellington squad.
>
> Miss Roche, reet sweet and smart heart of the local 340th swing patrol, drops in from Big Town to really send the chow house off, glitter style.

The paper, by way of aiding the "unhep," adds this translation: "Miss Betty Roche, vocalist with Duke Ellington's orchestra, will appear in person today at the mess hall of the 340th Squadron to sing a few numbers for the boys to celebrate the opening of the new mess hall."

How to Tell an Officer

Rapid City Army Air Base, S. Dak.—Sgt. Joe Daragonas was beating his gums frequently with "COUNT CADENCE, COUNT" at his men in front of what he thought was an empty barracks. Suddenly a figure clad in GI shorts and socks emerged and angrily told the sergeant to get his men away from there as there were men sleeping in the barracks.

"Sleeping!" shouted Daragonas. "Tell them to get the hell out here for drill."

The figure went back inside but returned a few minutes later in uniform—that of a flight officer. He explained that the men in the barracks were a group of newly arrived officers.

Later, Sgt. Daragonas asked himself, aloud: "How was I to know he was an officer?"

"Waddyamean?" replied a guardhouse lawyer who overheard him. "He was wearing gar' rs, wasn't he?"

Dead Pigeon Talk

Camp Wolters, Tex.—Pvt. Mike Rettig, Co. A, 52d Bn., was on guard duty recently. A group of GIs approached his post. The dialogue went something like this:

PVT. RETTIG: Halt! Who is there?
GI: Corporal of the guard.
PVT. RETTIG: Advance and be recognized.
The corporal and his relief advanced until Pvt. Rettig yelled, "Halt!" Then silence fell on the scene. Finally the corporal of the guard asked, "Well, what now?"

Rettig shook his head and said, "I can't remember right now, but if you take one more step before I do you're a dead pigeon."

HE CLAIMS THE TITLE

Pvt. Alfred Halpin, 55, of Bridgeport, Conn., attached to the Medical Detachment at Camp Davis, N. C., says he's the oldest private in the United States Army.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Fort Warren, Wyo.—Tops in evidence submitted for an emergency furlough was reported by a Red Cross field deputy, who says a GI received this telegram: "Darling it's true; what'll I do?"

Fort Sill, Okla.—GIs at this post who plan a session with the chaplain should first carefully sort out their troubles and their gripes. The Army is no longer an all-male affair and neither is the chaplain's office here. Pvt. Nina Lee Davis, WAC Det., 1864th Unit, ASF, is now clerk and assistant to the chief post chaplain.

Camp Hood, Tex.—Pfc. Harry Fox, Hq. DEML, struts a bit when wearing his helmet liner. Going to the supply room for a liner to replace the one he lost, he was issued one on whose strap was inscribed: "Gen. A. D. Bruce, 0-5857." Gen. Bruce is the former CG of the Tank Destroyer Center.

Fort Jackson, S. C.—Pvt. Robert Hoffman, a good soldier in his own mind, was approached one day by a company lieutenant who said: "Hoffman, you have been made captain." Hoffman blurted: "What?" The lieutenant nodded and said: "Yes, that's right. Captain—of the debating team."

Hattiesburg Army Air Base, Miss.—T-5 Martin Jachter of an AW unit stationed here found himself torn from a goldbrick detail to dig latrines. He was ordered to get two mattocks (pickaxes). He reappeared a few minutes later with—two T-4 medics.

BTC 10, Greensboro, N. C.—Several jeeps here were poring over their comic books when one spoke up: "Wonder what Mr. Mystic will do next week to get out of this jam?" A voice from the far end said: "He'll swim under the burning oil and meet the Black Menace on shore, fighting to the end." The voice belonged to Pvt. S. Robert Powell, who is the creator of Mr. Mystic.

Palm Springs Army Air Field, Calif.—Pfc. Vincent Whelton was sitting on the diving board at the municipal pool here, talking to T/Sgt. Jack Tudor. A shapely bathing gal passed by. "Boy, look at that honey!" wolfed Whelton. Tudor

THIS IS THE U. S. A.

Parris Island, S. C.—An officer went down the line, looking over a batch of boots. In their civvies, they were just like thousands of others who had arrived before—except one. The officer stopped and asked the recruit his name.

"John Kerr, sir," the boy answered.

"Tell me, son," said the officer. "Where did you get that Marine uniform you're wearing?"

"It belonged to my brother," the boot said simply.

Paul Kerr, a radio gunner USMC, the officer later learned, was listed as "killed in action."

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BIG BASS. It looks as if the Army classifiers did all right by Cpl. Woodrow Gildersleeve of the Fort Sheridan (Ill.) band. He's the man to fit the drum.

GLOBAL FIGHTERS. These 18 men have been in service in almost every combat area in the world. Now recuperating at Fort Thomas, Ky., they are, front row, left to right: Pvt. Emil D. Schob, Ireland; Pvt. E. H. Parris, Ireland; Pvt. Emmett Hamilton, England; S Sgt. Maurice A. McGee, England; Sgt. Joseph F. Milo, North Africa; Cpl. Robert W. Skarie, North Africa; Pvt. Edmond O. Albert, North Africa. Second row: Cpl. H. O. McKinney, Tunisia; Pfc. Clarence H. Barefoot, Tunisia; T-4 John J. Riley, Guadalcanal; Sgt. Delmar L. Golden, Guadalcanal; Pvt. Thomas E. Guy, New Hebrides Islands; Pvt. Lewis E. Wynn, New Hebrides Islands. Last row: Pvt. Warren F. Crowder, New Caledonia; Pvt. Alvin F. Welke, New Caledonia; Cpl. Howard E. Welter, New Guinea; Pvt. Paul Hoglen, New Guinea; Pvt. Walter L. Olsen, Australia.

gave him a cold look. "That's no honey, brother," he said. "That's my wife."

Fort Leavenworth, Kans.—Some 30 recruits, still clad in civvies, appeared at the orderly room, besieging 1st Sgt. Robert F. Grant, Co. E. Grant took one look and a listen and promptly called up Sgt. Leon Carlson of the checking station. "These jeeps say you told them to go to E," he said. Carlson denied it. "I told them to go eat," he said.

Lincoln Army Air Base, Nebr.—Sgt. John Archibald of the Base Finance Office here succeeded finally in lining up some trainees in their proper alphabetical order. One appeared late, however, and Archibald angrily told him to get to the end of the line. The jeep moved off but returned almost immediately. "I can't go to the end, sergeant," he said. "There's already some other soldier standing there."

Camp Mackall, N. C.—Notice in *The Devil's Digest*, post paper here: "The USO located at 111 E. Franklin St., in Monroe, N. C., has been placed 'off limits.' By order of the CO, Fourth Service Command."

Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark.—Sgt. Pat Perpetua set a record here recently when, to win a dollar bet with Pvt. John Radak, he drank 12 malted milks in an hour. Pvt. Radak paid for the drinks and then handed the sergeant the dollar. Perpetua took it and shook his head sadly. "You know," he said, "I'd like to have another one, but I'm on a diet. I'd better wait until later."

Don't hog that story, chow hound. Let us in on it and we'll relay it to your buddies in other camps. That picture you thought was so good—share it with other GIs by sending it on to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Dept., Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that it be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.

CAMP NEWS

SAD SACK. Not the original, but a good imitation. He's Pfc. Michael Sylvester, Moore Field (Tex.), candidate for the title. That smile was scrubbed out.

ODD SIZES. Camp Phillips, Kans., boasts these GI attractions. Pvt. John D. (Tiny) Powell, who is 6 feet 9, and Pvt. Mike (Shorty) Masiuk, all of 4 feet 10.

AT LAST. No kidding, he's really blowing it out his barracks bag. Cpl. Stephen A. Papp, 489th FA Bn., 7th Armored Div., Fort Benning, Ga., is the—musician.

JITTERBUG ECSTASY. Hallelujah, what jumping! Pvt. Elmer Harris and Evelyn Pierce were the winners in a jitterbug contest at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Read

Wheatley

Mauch

Deratzian

Little

Padillo

Pvt. Earle A. Read of Keene, N. H., sends a message from Panama to Pvt. Clifford Campbell in Australia: "How about a letter? Let me know how the world 'down under' is treating you." . . . **Pfc. Leonard Wheatley** of Houston, Tex., sends a message from Australia to his brother, Ruben Wheatley, in the Signal Corps at Camp Campbell, Ky.: "Hello, old timer! I bet you're kicking high. Write me when you see this." . . . **S/Sgt. William Mauch** of Sun Dance, Wyo., would like to swap Alaska souvenirs with whatever his brother, Cpl. Lester Mauch, has picked up by now. Lester was ready to ship overseas the last time William heard from him.

Cpl. Richard Deratzian went from Watervleit, N. Y., to Iran. He has met a good many bona fide Armenians over there where he's loading convoys bound to Russia. He sends his best to the boys in Co. L, 109th Inf., and to Cpl. Andy Valcek, Cpl. Danny Moncello, an MP in New York City, and Red Toregin of the QMC at Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . **Cpl. Roy H. Little**, FAFRD, Sq. 440, Hammer Field, Calif., wants to hear from Cpl. Bob Hoyer, USMC, in the Solomons, and Pfc. Ed Osep with the AAF overseas. . . . **Pfc. Joe Padillo**, Hawaii, wants to hear from his cousin, Cpl. "Sandy" Dicho, who was cited for his handling of a bulldozer under fire on Guadalcanal.

Mail Call

Going Home

Dear YANK:

Newspapers have a tendency to misrepresent us by attributing our passionate desire to return home as our war aim. Mussolini's exit, the Russian success at Orel and our own push forward stimulated more talk than ever about our favorite subject—the bearing of these events on when we get home. In the middle of this discussion I put this question to my tentmates: "Suppose a deity suddenly appeared in this tent and said: 'Okay, boys, I'll call the whole thing off. In a month you can all be on a transport homeward bound. But the price you will have to pay is that everything reverts back to 1939 with constant threat of war hanging over you.'" It was from all of them: "Nothing doing—this time it's for keeps."

Guadalcanal —**Sgt. JOSEPH LASH**

Dear YANK:

All a soldier wants when he returns home is the same good old U. S. A. He realizes the Government won't let him down, and that it will give business the chance to forge ahead into the unlimited resources of our country and so bring about better automobiles, simpler and better constructed homes, and maybe even a whacky streamlined double-shelved sandwich toaster, or a triple, triple, triple marshmallow malt. All he wants is the States. *The States!* "Boy, am I glad to get back!" He'll say it over again just to make sure. And when any country in Europe is being discussed, he'll draw up a wistful eye and say, "I was all over that blasted country in a jeep."

Egypt —**Sgt. JOE BIELSINSKI**

Old Jobs

Dear YANK:

In an editorial [in an August issue of YANK] you said the Selective Service System would give us back our old jobs or new jobs just as good. We may get our jobs back all right, but what's to keep our former employers from turning around and firing us after a short period of time?

Vancouver Barracks, Wash. —**Pfc. EDGAR J. TRITSCHLER**

■ When you get your old job back, your employer can't fire you within one year of your reemployment, except for just cause. That's the law *(Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940)*. If any trouble develops from that "just cause" business, a U. S. attorney will represent you in court free of charge. Federal courts are empowered to compel your boss to abide by the law, and the Attorney General has assured YANK [Vol. I—No. 27] that the courts will do everything in their power to protect your interests.

K-9 Sad Sack

Dear YANK:

This little pup was found by the fellows in our barracks one Sunday morning, just full of ticks and fleas. It took two of us all morning to clean him up. He still had that sad look, though. He is our Sad Sack of the Ground Range here.

Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex. —**Pvt. SAM J. KARP**

Japs in Post-War U. S.

Dear YANK:

I'd like to put in my quarter's worth for discussion: Do we want Japs in this country after the war? We all know what they did before the war. Not only did they fish along our coast lines, but they also made pictures of those coast lines. We don't know which ones we can trust. It's a sure thing there aren't many of them who are willing to be in military service. After we put them back on the right track by winning the war, who would give them a job? If they could be full-fledged Americans, why did we have special laws concerning them?

17th AAFFTD, Calif. —**Sgt. WINSTON BOOTHLY**

The Wacs

Dear YANK:

It seems to me that Wacs do not save manpower where it is really necessary—in war industry. We are told they take the places of men in noncombat areas. Is this necessary when over one-half of the Army is still in the States? Wouldn't these women be more useful in defense jobs where labor is really scarce?

Alaska —**Cpl. BRUCE D. REILEY**

Dear YANK:

In *Mail Call* several soldiers have criticized the Wacs, Waves, Spars and what have you, both for services rendered and for getting ratings quicker and easier than male GIs. I have talked with some of these critics and find that the majority of them have been replaced in SCU organizations by our female partners and are prejudiced because they were forced to get out and rough it with the rest of the field units. I've seen Wacs in two large camps and they sure take over their duties in a big way. Think of the extra divisions of men we can send over. Practical, isn't it?

Fort Ord, Calif. —**Pfc. LAWRENCE KAPELKE**

Imshee Rohh

Dear YANK:

I met two kids in town who followed me around all morning with some kind of proposition. I told them: *"Imshee! rohh! seer fee Halek!"* which is "Scram" in Arabic, but they paid no attention. Finally it turned out they were working for a photographer in town. This is the result.

—**Pvt. WILLIAM CONNORS**

Africa

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:

There is no need for a new veterans' organization when this war is over. The American Legion will be our best bet. Their membership will mount and they will benefit by mistakes in the past. Veterans of this war will have a chance to prove what they can do because they will be asked to run for office in the Legion.

NPO 10894, New York —**FRANK SWEETING BKR1c**

Dear YANK:

Your editorial in a September issue on the formation of a Legion is good sound sense. To win the war over there and lose the peace over here would be foolish. Good government is derived from good, alert citizens. Therefore, we must be as good soldiers of peace as we are now of war.

Camp Adair, Oreg. —**Pvt. ROBERT V. MacDOWELL**

Dear YANK:

The American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars are making a big drive to enlist new members in their organizations. Both know that the field will remain green and rich as long as soldiers remain green about facts. After this war, to realize the things we are fighting for depends on how sincere soldiers feel about organizing their own veterans' group. If our organization is to be successful it must never resemble a political strong-arm group operating for the benefit of a minority. The soldier who gives out with the old alibi that he is too damn busy to be annoyed with such trivial matters is the same fellow who's going to be waiting in another line after the war, and it won't be a pay line.

Minneapolis, Minn. —**S/Sgt. ROBERT SCHNEBLY**

Transfer to Air Force

Dear YANK:

How is it that there are many soldiers who don't know how to apply for air-cadet training and many COs who don't know either? Your article "Want to Fly?" [in a September issue of YANK], giving the qualifications and procedure for becoming an air cadet, is a great aid to those of us who want to get ahead.

329th Inf., Nashville, Tenn. —**Cpl. HARRY ANDERSON**

MESSAGE CENTER

B. HANS S. BAMBERGER: get in touch with your brother, Cpl. Ernest Bamberger, Hq. 702 MP Bn. (Z/1), Baltimore 8, Md. . . . 1st Lt. FRED L. BARBER, once at Camp Shelby, Miss.: see *Message 1.** . . . M/Sgt. CHARLES BASSETT, N. Atlantic base: write 2d Lt. Victor M. Macy, OSCRP, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . Pvt. IRVING BATH, once in the 162d Inf. Band, Oregon National Guard: write Sgt. John A. Waddingham, 638th TSS, Boca Raton, Fla. . . . KENNETH E. BEASLEY S2c, once at pier 92, W. 52d St., New York City: write Pvt. Irwin S. Throckmorton, 445th Fighter Sq., AAFSAT AB, Orlando, Fla. . . . Cpl. JOSEPH BELINSKY, once at APO 1, New York: write Pfc. V. J. Czwartacky, 3212 Co. 612 Ord. Bn., Camp Polk, La. . . . LENORD BENSON, Signal Corps: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. ALVIN BEPRISTIS of Grand Rapids, Mich., last stationed at Atlantic City, N. J.: write Pvt. Robert C. Baker, Co. B, 180th Engr. Hv. Bn., Camp Maxey, Tex. . . . Pvt. JOHN BETTERTON from Mississippi, once at Fresno AB, Calif.: write S/Sgt. William A. Snyder, Post Cml. OFS, Mather Field, Calif. . . . TERRY BIDELMAN, formerly at Fort Monroe, Va.: see *Message 3.*† . . . THURMAN BRAUN, last heard from at Stapleton, N. Y.: write Pvt. John T. Kelly, Co. H & S, 755th Ry. Shop Bn., Camp Millard, Ohio. . . . BURTIN BROWN, once in the 169th Inf., 43d Div., Camp Blanding, Fla.: write Cpl. George A. Taylor, 35th Hq. & Hq. Gp., Flight B, Freeman Field, Ind. . . . 1st Sgt. ELMER F. BUXSTON: write S/Sgt. C. F. Prouty, 213th QMC, Vancouver Bks., Wash.

C. JACK CALDWELL S2c, once in the SM Sch. at Farragut, Idaho, see *Message 4.*†† . . . PAUL CASAMISSINO, Sicily, and SAM CASAMISSINO, S. Pacific: write Cpl. Anthony Casamissino, Co. E, 303d Inf. Regt., Camp Swift, Tex. . . . PETER CASEY, Infantry in N. Africa, write 1st Lt. Joseph F. Casey, 4th Engr. Avn. Unit Tng. Center, March Field, Calif. . . . Cpl. VANNOY (Doc) CASON of Shoshone, Idaho, formerly at Fort Lewis Cantonment, Wash.: write Sgt. George DuBose, 17th Rn. Bomb Sq., AAF AAB, Laurel, Miss. . . . Cpl. SID COGGINS, once in the 9th FA, Btry. B, Fort Lewis, Wash.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . Sgt. PETER CONLEY, last heard from at Indiantown Gap, Pa.: write Sgt. B. B. Wallen, Armd. Ind. Sta., 1372 SU DEML (MD), Philadelphia, Pa. . . . BOB CRAWFORD, once at Fort MacArthur, Calif.: see *Message 4.*†† Cpl. ROBERT CULLEMAN, QMC, see *Message 6.*‡‡.

D. S/Sgt. RALPH DARLING, once at Fort Monroe, Va.: see *Message 3.*† . . . DONAL P. DAVIS, formerly a school teacher at Adams Center, N. Y.: write Pvt. H. J. Gibbs, Stage A Det. C, Camp Pinedale, Calif. . . . LOUIS (PINKY) DAVIS of Starke, Fla., once in the Florida National Guard: write Cpl. Lynn C. Crosby, Hq. 658 TD Bn., Camp Hood, Tex. . . . Pvt. RED DAVIS, once in the 9th FA Btry. B, Fort Lewis, Wash.: see *Message 5.*‡ . . . CARL DE REDDER of California: see *Message 2.*** . . . Lt. "RED" DOERR, European Theater: write Pvt. Leroy Albers, MRTC Motor Pool, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . ROBERT, RALPH, HAROLD and RAYMOND DRISKELL: write Pvt. Glen H. Harrison, Btry. E, 202d CA (CA), Seattle, Wash.

F. Pvt. ALFRED FAULKNER of San Diego, last heard from in New York City: write Cpl. Robert D. Whitney, 312th Fighter Contl. Sq., March Field, Calif. . . . Pvt. WILLIE FECTHIT of Youngstown, Ohio, last heard from in California: see *Message 7.*§ . . . Pfc. BEN FISHER, last address, APO 929, San Francisco, Calif.; write T-5 Michael Zayon, Fin. Off., 4th Armd. Div., Camp Bowie, Tex. . . . Cpl. EDGAR FISHER, once in the 355th Bomb. Sq., AAB, Clovis, N. Mex.: write Pvt. Stephen Demchak, Btry. A, 218 FA Bn., Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . Sgt. BILL FLETCHER, once at Fort Monroe, Va.; see *Message 3.*†

G. Pvt. ELRED GEGENHEIMER: write Pvt. Roland E. Smith, Co. A, 4th Repl. Bn., Pittsburg Repl. Dep., Pittsburg, Calif. . . . A/C RALPH GIESER, once at Fort MacArthur: see *Message 4.*†† . . . Pfc. BOB GLASSER, last heard from in Virginia, see *Message 7.*§ . . . Pvt. WILLIAM GRAY, once in the 166th Inf., Camp Shelby, Miss.: see *Message 1.** . . . Pfc. TEX GUTKOWSKI, Panama Canal: write Pvt. Clara Yelowski, Co. 10, 21st Regt., 3d WACTC, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

H. S/Sgt. JACK T. HALL of Dallas, Tex., once at Fort Sam Houston, Tex.: write Pvt. R. V. DeBorde, Co. F, 144th Inf., Stoney Field, S. C. . . . JAMES HERREN of Houston, Tex.: write Cpl. J. R. Murdock, 1137th Sch. Sq., Camp Luna, N. Mex. . . . WILLIAM A. HIGGIN: of Pocatello, Idaho, once at Fort Shafter, T. H.: write Capt. Joseph R. Svec, 7104 Varnum St., Landover Hills, Hyattsville, Md. . . . Pvt. CHARLEY HYLAND of West Allis, Wis., once at Fort Ord, Calif.: write T-5 Arthur P. Smith, Co. E, 35th Engr. (C), Camp White, Calif.

I. Lt. AZAD ISRALIEN, TD: get in touch with S/Sgt. M. E. Papke, 32 Bn., Lexington Barracks, U. S. Navy Pre-Flight Sch., Athens, Ga.

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* *Message 1:* Write Pvt. Dale M. Brown, 231st Ord. Co. (BD), Presidio, Calif.

** *Message 2:* Write Pvt. Glen W. Price, Med. Det., Winter General Hosp., Topeka, Kans.

† *Message 3:* Write Pfc. L. C. Mode, WAC Hq. Co., Perrin Field, Tex.

†† *Message 4:* Write Paul Young S2c, RM Serv. Sch., Bks. 13-L, Camp Peterson, Farragut, Idaho.

‡ *Message 5:* Write S/Sgt. Bob Finney, Btry. B, 465th AAA (Auto-Wpns) Bn., Camp Davis, N. C.

‡‡ *Message 6:* Write Art J. McLean, Med. Det., 66th Sig. Bn., Camp Crowder, Miss.

§ *Message 7:* Write Pvt. Kid Cramer, Co. G, 134th Inf., Camp Rucker, Ala.

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Solo Week

SIKESTON, MISSOURI

I was very nonchalant watching the planes go round. But every few minutes little bubbles of crazy gladness would come wiggling up inside me.

By A/C BERT STILES

It is the custom at this primary school to solo after about 10 hours of dual flying time. And from eight hours on, the only thing that matters a damn in the entire universe is whether it happens.

Last week we were up high with plenty of air underneath doing turns and spins and stalls. This week every plane on the field is down at 500 feet flying the traffic pattern, shooting landings. Up and around and down again—maybe.

The procedure is fairly simple. The field is divided in half by a taxi-ing strip where the tee sits. The tee is a manually operated eight-position affair which supposedly has its head in the wind at all times, and we take off parallel to it. Ships on the left go around to the left; the same idea holds on the right. Once around, come on in.

There really isn't much to flying the pattern Theoretically you just get in and drive around at 500 feet and come down again. But the first few rides are nightmares. Something is always wrong. The plane won't go straight on the ground or in the air either, and the instructor is always yelling.

"You're climbing too goddam steep. . . . You wanna stall us out? . . . You're drifting. . . . Keep her level. . . . Look around. . . . You're not looking over that wing. . . . Ease back on the stick. . . . Back! . . . BACK! . . . Okay, goddammit, we're down. Let's get back up there and try it again."

Some other plane is always cutting in, or a stray gust of wind happens along and tips up a wing when the plane is only 10 feet off the ground. You either level off too high and fall in and bounce, or don't level off at all and bounce a little sooner. Either way, the correct procedure is to jam the throttle forward and go around again and try to do better next time.

As soon as your instructor thinks you've got the idea firmly in mind and believes there's a chance of you're coming out alive, he gets out.

Instructors vary their approach to this soloing business. Some get their men used to the idea by continually yelling, "My God, you'll never solo if you do that again," from the third hour on. The others just ignore the subject completely and never let on they're even considering it.

Personally I was glad to have my instructor along on those first few turns around the track. He's a quiet little guy named Tony, with a wife and a little girl, and he is a beautiful flyer.

Wednesday I was particularly ghastly. We had a tired old ship with patched wings and a stiff throttle. The speaking tubes were shot so I couldn't hear very well. I guess that plane and I just weren't made for each other. When we bounced down for the last time I decided I'd be a lot better off in cooks' and bakers' school.

Everyone had a bad day. Dick Taggart, who sleeps in the bunk under me, stayed up almost two hours, murdering landings. Finally his instructor yelled through, "Lay off, we're taking this sonuvabitch home," and then yanked out the speaking tubes and threw them over the side. When they got down the instructor jumped out without saying a word, and Taggart thought he was as good as washed. He soloed Thursday.

Ralph White, a big cool northman in my flight, really looked good all week, so his instructor let him try it alone. He came in on his first landing, got a wing down, and decided to go around again. He rammed the throttle home and went screaming off cross-tee in a steep climbing turn, just missing two other planes and scaring the hell out of himself.

The washing machine started at the 7-hour marker. If an instructor gives up on a man he hands him over to the flight commander for a civilian check ride, and if that ride doesn't go so well, and most of them don't, it means an Army E-ride. (E for elimination.)

The Army check riders are a bunch of unhappy lieutenants who fly nice new silver ships and wear old beat-up ball caps and flying suits. Just having them around unsteadies a man's outlook.

After Wednesday there were always anywhere from 6 to 36 solo planes in the air. The instructors sit in little groups down by the fence at the end of the field, chain-smoking cigarettes, watching their fledglings come in.

Cadets, waiting their turn in the air, sit out in front of the ready room, chain-smoking cigarettes, watching the show—an endless parade of wobbly take-offs, sloppy turns and bounced landings. Three times around and three times down equal one solo. One poor guy circled the field 23 times before he finally decided to try his luck, but even then he got his bounces in. And when he tried to take off again he was out of gas.

After my bad day on Wednesday I figured if I didn't get hot I'd be up for a check ride. For a change, everything clicked. We drew a sweet ship, and all at once I began to catch on. I eased my landings in for an hour and didn't bounce one. I held my altitude pretty well on the pattern, and my turns weren't bad. I thought we were all through when my instructor took over as we taxied back up to the north end. I was feeling a little better about my future as an airman and almost daring to hope he might solo me in another couple of days when he swung the ship around and set the brakes and climbed out.

"Okay, get the hell out of here," he said.

He meant me. Right then. Then he grinned a little and we shook hands.

I told myself to take it easy three or four times, and cleared myself for incoming planes and took off. I had a good ride all the way. Nothing went wrong. The ship handled a little differently without him in it, but I didn't forget anything, and I came in just right and put her down gently. I even remembered to put my flaps up when we stopped rolling.

And then for about 30 seconds I went nuts. What a day, what a sky, what a plane. I did it. Honest to God, I did it.

Then I sobered up, because I still had two more rides to go. But it was my day. I didn't get boxed in any traffic. Nobody cut me out on a corner. And I leveled off just right each time.

Tony didn't say a damn thing when he climbed up on the wing after my last trip.

"Well, I brought her home to you, boss," I said hesitantly.

He just said, "What did you expect?" and went on and got in. Then I saw his face in the mirror watching me, and he was grinning, wider than I ever saw him grin before, so I guess everything was all right.

After I got the plane parked on the line I had another spasm of feeling like the greatest pilot in the world, but after I walked the parachute back to the rigging room and reported in to the tower and told the girl I had finally done it, I had myself under control.

The first six guys I talked to were all in the same fix I was, and just as eager to tell how they did it, so I went over in the corner and went through the whole ride from the beginning.

With the aid of Mrs. Luck, and a very beautiful little blue airplane, built by Mr. Fairchild, I had flown around the field three times and landed safely and comparatively smoothly three times, which was very good as far as it went, but there is still a long way to go before I'll be shooting down any Zeros.

After that I was very nonchalant and sat on the edge of the ramp watching the planes go round. But every few minutes little bubbles of crazy gladness would come wiggling up inside me.

I suppose everyone feels about the same way. The weather is lousy. Classes are dull as hell. But this flying is here to stay.

He Went Over the Hill but What Did He Find on the Other Side?

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—They tell the story here of a GI who was fed up with life at $60 per. This lad, brassy as they come, went to town on a 12-hour pass, borrowed some civvies from a village acquaintance, then got on the bus and rode back to the post to apply for a construction job at $300 a month.

He got the job, all right, and rented himself a room in a boarding house under an assumed name. Then, just to make it look good, he went to the local draft board, told a cock-and-bull story about just having come in from a trap line and registered for Selective Service.

The other day he was drafted.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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Susan Hayward

Pin-up Girl

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HOLLYWOOD. Lena Horne will sing a new song, "Moonlight Sinatra," in the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell comedy, "I Dood It." . . . Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn will share stellar honors again in "Without Love." . . . Ann Savage will have the title role in "Klondike Kate." . . . Doris Lloyd has the character lead in "Ten Percent Woman," which stars Rosalind Russell and Brian Aherne. . . . Lucille Ball has been named "Sweetheart of the Chinese Air Force." . . . William Bendix has been awarded the lead in "The Hairy Ape." . . . Patti Brill keeps up a heavy correspondence with GIs in 97 camps in this country and in 14 overseas locations. . . . Lynn Bari and Akim Tamiroff have been added to the cast of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." . . . Sammy Kaye and his orchestra will be in the musical film, "Song of the Open Road." . . . Virginia Bruce returns to the screen in the lead in "International Zone." . . . Jane Frazee will appear opposite Charles Starrett in a musical, "Cowboy Canteen." . . . Betty Hutton has been picked for the top role in "Divided by Five." . . . Eddie Green will play himself in the movie version of radio's "Duffy's Tavern." . . . Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten and Shirley Temple are the headliners in the forthcoming "Since You Went Away." . . . Gloria Dickson has been added to the cast of the second "Crime Doctor" picture.

Ann Savage

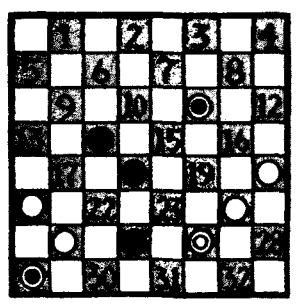
COAST TO COAST. The Rainbow Room, atop Rockefeller Center, will not reopen for the duration. . . . Barbara Bennett, the ex-Mrs. Morton Downey, is making a comeback via vaudeville. . . . Radio thrush Georgia Gibbs has been renewed by Camel for another 13 weeks . . . Gypsy Markoff is set to open at the Troika, Washington, D. C., the first of next month—her first appearance since her injury in the clipper crash at Lisbon last spring. . . . Mildred Bailey is at Cafe Society Uptown in New York. . . . Connee Boswell was a smash hit recently at the Circle, Indianapolis. . . . Sheila Barrett is headlining the floor show in the Hotel Radisson's Flame Room, Minneapolis. . . . A new policy combining burlesque and films has been announced by the Folly Theater, Kansas City.

BAND BEAT. Frank Sinatra now owns himself with a reported $60,000 changing hands between him and Tommy Dorsey and Leonard Vannerson. . . . Helen Forrest, vocalist, is leaving Harry James' orchestra, to do solo work. . . . Count Basie will play his first New York hotel booking when he opens at the Lincoln on Nov. 5. . . . Eddie Robinson, brother of welterweight Ray Robinson, opened with his band at the Howard Theater, Washington, D. C. . . . Jeanne Bennet is making a theater tour with Bernie Cummins and Orchestra. . . . Blossom Lee, 17, is the new vocalist with Lou Breese's orchestra at Chez Paree, Chicago. . . . Bands of Jan Garber, Richard Himber and Tommy Tucker are on the schedule to play for swing-shift workers at the Swing Shift Canteen, Akron Armory. . . . Toni Morrison is reorganizing her band now that her husband-member has been classified 4-F. . . . Mal Hallet is at the Vogue Terrace, McKeesport, Pa. . . . Al Donahue is at the Casa Madrid, Louisville, Ky.

Helen Forrest

CHECKER STRATEGY

BLACK has just moved from 22 to 26, exposing the White checker on 25 to capture. In spite of the threat, White's position is good for a win at this stage. To effect the win, White must pull off some fancy stuff. You should be able to work this one out mentally, without touching the checkers while analyzing the position. *White to move and win.*



Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown.

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

EVENING TRANSPORT

He waits until the sun has lost its lance.
And in the coolness all the troop is still
It's only then the soldier finds his chance
To dream his way to any place he will.
One liquid motion of the weary eye.
The lid is dropped: the private curtain falls
Against the marching and the time to die.
Against the firing and the bugle calls
Then let the cadence of his war increase.
And injure all his body but his eyes.
Still he may close them; he will be at peace.
For he will ride his transport to the skies.
This one departure, when the day is done.
Is rich and final as the set of sun.

Camp Crowder, Mo —Pvt. DARRELL BARTEE

CALL TO ARMS

Please won't you be my Jezebel?
Give me thy evil eye!
I'm fuller fed then I can tell
Of virtue sweet and shy.
I want no gingham-fronted fright.
No braided-haired gazelle:
This is the hour: this is the night:
Please be my Jezebel!

Ephrata AAB, Wash. —Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY

BEFORE THAT ROSE WILL DIE

I placed a red rose in her hair.
And said, 'twixt kiss and sigh,
That I would stroll to London Square
Before that rose would die.

And stroll by London Square I did.
But passed the taverns by.
For I must go and claim my love
Before that rose can die.

And I returned to claim my love.
But never dreamed that I
Would find my love had flown away
Before that rose did die.

Then died my heart a thousand times
Before that rose died one.
(But mine will live a thousand more
And that poor rose is done.)

New Mexico State College —Pvt. IRA JACKSON

GI JOKER

Of all Army pests
The most reprehensible
Compared with the rest
The least indispensable
Is the practical joker.

Putting corn meal in bed
Of man, unsuspecting.
He enjoys instead
Of old-coin collecting
Or perhaps playing poker:

To burn him is not
Incomprehensible:
In fact, to me, it
Sounds so darn sensible
I'll furnish the stoker.

New Guinea —Sgt. JOHN READEY

GETTING THE NEWS

In days of yore
When ancestor
Was prehistoric looking.
The news would come
By tom-tom drum
To tell him what was cooking.

Pony express
Was a success
In keeping men alert:
And later yet
The town gazette
Would dish the latest dirt

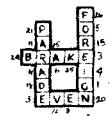
The *Times* and *Trib*
Were smooth and glib
And used majestic prose:
The tabloid sheet
Put on the heat
And made you hold your nose.

Then radio
Gave us the know
On near and distant scenes:
But we GIs
Are worldly wise.
We get ours from latrines.

AAB, Charleston, S. C. —Cpl. CARL FENICHEL

TEE-TOTAL

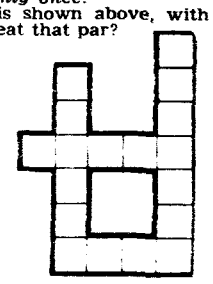
WANNA win one of YANK's big Puzzle Kits? They're given as prizes to GIs (and that includes *all* branches of the service—Marines, Coast Guard, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you haven't tried this word game before, start now.



Simply fill in the diagram with four good English words. No proper nouns (that rules out names of persons and places). Add up the number values of the 18 letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use words which have letters of high value. *In adding your score, count each of the 18 letters only once.*

A sample work-out is shown above, with the score of 227. Can you beat that par?

LETTER	VALUES		
A	11	N	20
B	24	O	5
C	8	P	21
D	19	Q	14
E	3	R	15
F	26	S	6
G	1	T	18
H	22	U	2
I	4	V	10
J	9	W	23
K	25	X	13
L	16	Y	17
M	7	Z	12



Score..... Submitted by:

Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight weeks* if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will appear on page 22, Nov. 26 issue. [10/15]

HIGH FINANCE

JOE BLOUGH counted his dough. He had four bills and four coins. None of the coins was a dime. Joe wouldn't divulge the actual total of his finances, but further questioning revealed that the amount in dollars and cents could be expressed in four digits, each digit the same.

PROBLEM: How much money did Joe Blough have? (The answer is on page 22.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

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POST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

"She didn't get married over the week end; she still loves me!"
—Pfc. Aldo Marcucci, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

WISHING

Some men want money, stripes or bars;
Some juicy steaks and black cigars;
Some long for whisky by the glass:
All I want is a three-day pass.

Kellogg Field, Mich. —Sgt. B. FRIEDMAN

PIGEONS

While benched in the park
On a day rather fair,
I gazed at the pigeons
That gathered there,
Then pondered a point
That bade me declare:
"If pigeons have ears
I cannot see where."

Fort Riley, Kans. —Pvt. JOHN LARGE

POST-WAR PLANS

I've read the many forecasts that almost burst with praise;
Unlimited horizons for post-war planning days.
Inventions by the thousands; new light plastic cars;
Prefabricated housing, complete with baths and bars;
Airplanes for the millions, helicopters, too.
And possibly Buck Rogers' ships to streak across the blue;
Television, electric things, a super gasoline.
Such miracles may come to pass as we have never seen.
Now this is all quite well and good, I'm for it all the way;
But I have other plans in mind for that happy post-war day:
At No. 16 Walnut Drive, there's a cottage small and neat;
I want it as I left it, change nothing on that street.
And in that little cottage, I want my lovely bride;
If she will map my post-war plans, I'll be well satisfied.

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Pfc. MARV LORE

The Nickel Beer

THROW a little more kerosene on the fire, Mac, and pull up your camp chair, for I am about to nominate for a service medal, not an issue man, but a paunchy, balding civvie.

This gent runs a rather elaborate juke joint off the main drag in a Niagara frontier town and by the thunder he sells NICKEL BEERS REPEAT NICKEL BEERS.

For those of you caught in the mad whirl of boom-town cafe society, a reminder: The nickel beer is an honorable but tottering institution which once flourished in the U. S. A. It is a glass containing approximately eight ounces of a mixture of malt, hops and yeast, and the whole business (you return the glass, of course) costs 5 cents. The boys at Franz's Palm Garden used to call it the "short beer." At that time the terms short beer and nickel beer were synonymous, but no more. The short one now costs a dime, thanks to some sleight-of-hand business with the glassware.

I have never been presented to this civvie I am nominating for the clunker, and he hasn't once bought me even a nickel beer, and lest I be accused of press agentry I shan't mention his name or the name of the town.

We'll call my nominee Mr. X. He runs a nice establishment, with indoor plumbing. The bar is in one room, and the tables and dance floor in another. A three-piece orchestra alternates with the juke box for dancing. The ork plants hybrid corn and I think the juke box has only one record—something about a pistol-packin' mama—but there are lots of frails and there are nickel beers. A man with an AGCT score of 25 could guess that where there are frails and/or nickel beers there are also GIs.

It might seem funny to you, Mac, me spending my pass time telling about a civvie who runs a juke joint. The point is that I want to help keep alive the tradition of the nickel beer. We all have our hopes for the post-war period, you know. Some would like to see the return of the steak. Others have a yen to see Wanda the Welder in a dress again. I've met a man whose chief ambition is to see Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo in adjoining cages at the Bronx zoo. Me, I want to walk into any tavern and drink a nickel beer.

Mr. X is over age, not even limited-service material, but for those of us who yearn for a return to the good old days he keeps in trust a sacred tradition. And that is why, moving that any regulations to the contrary be amended, I nominate him for that service medal.

AAA Group, Buffalo, N. Y. —S/Sgt. JOHN J. BURNS

Beware the Azimuth!

THE figure of the lecturer becomes dim. You are losing the struggle to stay awake. The principles of map reading beat against your tired brain and you soon find yourself wandering across the glossy surface of a huge prismatic compass.

"Where are you going, my pretty GI?" a voice inquires, and you wonder: "Where the hell *am* I going?"

You are afflicted with a desire to be oriented. But it is impossible to be oriented unless one knows what a map is and a map is a part of the earth's surface, so there you are, GI, with a part of the earth's surface, hoping that things are what they seem on the surface which you have a map of.

The map leads you into a field of rectangular coordinates. They're square and have numerals to guide you. "Read right up" and they won't let you down.

Get a good grip on the grid, though, because something is reaching out after you, seeking to ensnare you. It's magnetic azimuth in search of a victim. It flashes forward in straight lines from the center of the compass, stabbing through space with deadly accuracy and piercing its victims. And it's all set to music. The tune is "Maryland, My Maryland." It grows louder and louder.

Tell the truth, oh, tell the truth;
What the hell is azimuth?

It's the song of a million bewildered soldiers. On the surface, azimuth is a line on the compass, a direction expressed in degrees. But to those who have suffered its inevitable consequences, magnetic azimuth is—but it cannot be told. Leave it alone. Let hardier souls dare to tell. As for you, GI, just slice off 180 degrees and take a back azimuth. Try to escape. Pick a direction and take off, but beware the magnetic declination. It's mean. It will do you dirt. Seek the shelter of true North, but remember that North is sometimes somewhere else, depending on where you are.

So change direction again and run like mad. Elude conventional symbols, evade the snares of intersection and resection and dodge the latitudes and longitudes. Scramble wildly up the hills to seek relief in elevation. Magnetic azimuth is closing in. Select a profile and follow it on up. Lift your legs high as you cross each contour line. You're near the military crest now, keep climbing, right up to the top.

Too bad. You're down, tripped by a contour line. The points on the map are pricking your injured body. Representative fractions come tumbling down and magnetic azimuth lashes you firmly to the grid of a rectangular coordinate.

Your captors carry you off to the Canadian magnetic fields where you are impaled on a simulated North Pole. All the compass needles in the world point angrily at you, accusing you of exercising undue influence.

Your eyes open slowly. What a nightmare. The instructor's monologue rolls on. "If you walk along a contour line," he says, "you neither walk uphill nor downhill, but you always stay on a level."

"Oh, yeah?" you murmur. You close your eyes again and resign yourself to the lesser evils of another nightmare.

New England —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

"Anybody know some good latrine rumors?"
—Pfc. Henry S. Syverson, Buckley Field, Colo.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White pitches, 25 to 22. Black jumps, 18 to 25. . . . White pitches, 21 to 17. Black jumps, 14 to 21 . . . White pitches, 20 to 16. Black king jumps, 11 to 20. . . . White slips, 27 to 32. Black king takes, 20 to 27. . . . White king jumps 32 to 23 to 30. Now Black is ahead two checkers but hasn't a move on the board! White wins.

HIGH FINANCE. $77.77. Bills: a fifty, a twenty, a five and a two. Coins: a half-dollar, a quarter, and 2 cents.

Tee-Total Winners

Puzzle Kits go to these winners (scores in parenthesis) in the Sept. 3 contest: Cpl. Alexander Mallett, Fort Preble, Maine, and Cpl. Stanley Sennwald, W. Springfield, Mass. (tied at 308). Pvt. Benjamin Silverman, Cape May Point, N. J. (306). A/C S. Brauner, Coleman, Tex.; Pfc. Marvin Florman, Hunter Field, Ga.; Pvt. Keith Johnson, AAFTC, Seattle, Wash., and Pfc. Albert B. Walder, Fort Lewis, Wash. (all tied at 305). Mallett's solution is shown here.

B	L	A	B	S
U		B		H
B		B		R
B		Y		I
L				L
Y				L

Several entries were ruled out when rechecks showed that the scores had been overestimated.

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SPORTS: JUMPING THE GUN, WE OFFER PROBABLY THE ONLY 1943 ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM IN EXISTENCE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

PICKING any all-star team is sheer foolishness and should be attempted only by qualified Section Eights. Proceeding on this assumption, we now offer what is probably the only 1943 All-American football team in existence.

First, however, we will attempt to explain why we even bothered to pick this team. We had three good reasons. First of all, our circulation manager figured that GIs in such far-distant places as China, Surinam and Camp Croft, S. C., wouldn't read this until the football season was almost over and, mistaking the team as a timely bit of news, would immediately renew all their subscriptions. That, of course, would raise the circulation manager from pfc. to T-4, so you can see where his interest lies.

Second, we figured this team would help the guys in the States line up their dope on the different football teams so they could draw their own conclusions on Saturday.

Third, and equally important, when one of our All-Americans happens to edge his way onto the official team in December, we can always say, "We told you so—way back in October."

Now, then, the 1943 All-American team:

Player	Position	School
Saxon Judd	End	Tulsa
Frank Merritt	Tackle	West Point
Alex Agase	Guard	Purdue
Mutt Manning	Center	Ga. Tech
Harold Fischer	Guard	Southwestern
George Connor	Tackle	Holy Cross
Ralph Heywood	End	S. California
Sam Robinson	Back	Washington
Elroy Hirsch	Back	Michigan
Jackie Field	Back	Southwestern
Bill Daley	Back	Michigan

Unless you happened to have lived near Georgetown, Tex., you're probably asking yourself, "Where in the hell is Southwestern University?" And even if you did live in Georgetown, you're probably wondering, "How does that jerk-water school rate two guys on an All-American team?" That's easy. Southwestern is a tiny Methodist school snuggled deep in the heart of Texas and it's going to have one of the winningest football teams in the country this year. The finest mastodonic specimens in the Southwestern Conference have been freighted to Georgetown to train as Marine officer candidates and, while they're at it, to pay off the mortgage on the new chemistry lab. As for the second question—how do they rate two guys on an All-American team—we can tell you that both Field and Fischer were recognized as all-everythings even before they got to Southwestern. Last year they led the University of Texas to a Cotton Bowl triumph over Georgia Tech.

There are many of you who will argue against two Michigan men—Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch and Bill Daley—gracing this line-up. This attitude will get you nowhere, because Daley and Hirsch aren't really Mother Michigan's children at all. They're V-12 student trainees and rightfully belong to Minnesota and Wisconsin, respectively. Furthermore there's nothing wrong with them being on this team; they would have made it anyhow, playing at their old alma maters. This boy Daley is good enough to play pro football right now.

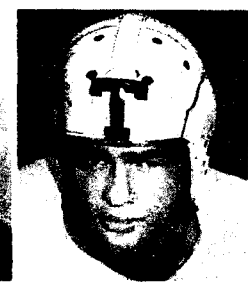
If you will examine this selection even closer you'll discover another anomaly of the V-12 program in Alex Agase. Last year Alex gave what everybody thought was his last pint of blood to Illinois. Now, however, Alex is giving new life to the Purdue line. He's the guard who became famous for stealing balls from opposing backs and running for touchdowns last fall.

The rest of the club is legitimate; that is, the boys are playing for their original providers. Ralph Heywood, the big end who pulls back to punt, returns to Southern California to captain the Trojans because he is a Marine student trainee. Washington didn't count on swift Sambo Robinson returning, but he was dumped back onto its Rose Bowl band wagon as a Marine trainee. Tulsa held on to Saxon Judd, its pass-catching Sugar Bowl star, because he was a marine, and Georgia Tech managed to keep Mutt Manning, a hard-boiled 60-minute center, because he was a Navy boy. George Connor might have been playing for Dartmouth as a V-12 instead of Holy Cross, but he still isn't of draft age.

All in all, it's a crackerjack team and it represents a lot of work. Or maybe you haven't tried to write while firmly encased in a straitjacket.

Elroy Hirsch (right), who used to play for Wisconsin, scores for Michigan against Camp Grant, Ill.

Alex Agase, Purdue.



Saxon Judd, Tulsa.

Sam Robinson, Washington.

Harold Fischer, Southwestern.

Mutt Manning, Ga. Tech.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Cpl. Zeke Bonura, the Judge Landis of North Africa, instructs a group of Army nurses in the fine art of baseball. With headquarters at Oran, Zeke controls the destinies of 80 baseball and softball teams.

CPO **Walter Masterson**, who pitched for the Washington Senators last year, writes his old boss, **Clark Griffith**, that his Navy baseball team in Hawaii just finished playing a series against the Japanese prisoners of war. "The Japs were offering $100 to any good player who would join them against us," Masterson reports. "But no matter whom they get, we can beat them. They are very small and extremely light, and the temptation is strong to grab a couple of them by the heels and knock their heads together." Masterson goes on to tell that a Jap pitcher recently knocked a sailor down with a duster. "I took care of that bird next time he came up," Masterson explains. . . . **Wayne Johnson**, Harvard's captain last year and now a V-12 trainee at Yale, suffered a fractured vertebra the only time he carried the ball for the Elis against Muhlenberg College. It just shows what happens when a Harvard man puts on a Yale uniform.

There's a wax figure of **Sgt. Joe Louis** in a museum at Coney Island showing him armed with a set of technical sergeant's stripes. He's actually a buck sergeant. . . . That hole-in-one **Pvt. Chick Harbert** shot in the Golden Valley Invitational Tournament at Lincoln, Nebr., was his first in more than 20 years of golf. . . . **Pfc. Bob Westfall**, who teamed with Tommy Harmon in the Michigan backfield, is learning to be a radio operator at Scott Field, Ill. . . . **Lt. Byron (Whizzer) White**, Colorado's All-American backfield ace, has turned up in the New Georgia Islands where he is working with PT boats. . . . **Flight Officer Robert Hutson**, brother of Don Hutson, Green Bay's star end, was killed in action in the South Pacific. Bob was also an end at Alabama and an All-American, too. . . . Another recent casualty was **Col. Paul D. Bunker**, West Point's first All-American, who died in a Japanese prison camp.

You probably won't believe it, but there's a Marine trainee on the Rochester University football team named **Paul McKee**, who hails from Neptune City, N. Y., and attended Niagara University last year. . . . According to **Sgt. Dugan Aycock**, the golf pro from Lexington, N. C., the latest quotations on golf balls in North Africa are $10 each if you can get one. . . . The Japanese-controlled Hong Kong radio recently complained that American bombers interrupted the opening of the Hong Kong racing season. The broadcast said: "In the fourth race, while the horses were at the post, American airplanes came to raid Hong Kong, but antiaircraft fire drove the planes away." We presume it didn't affect the odds.

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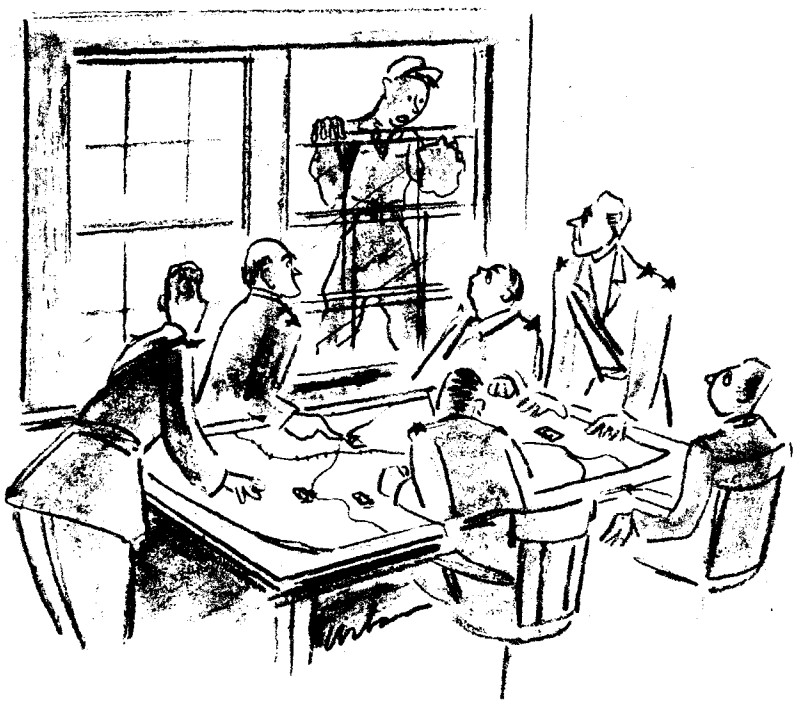
THE ARMY WEEKLY

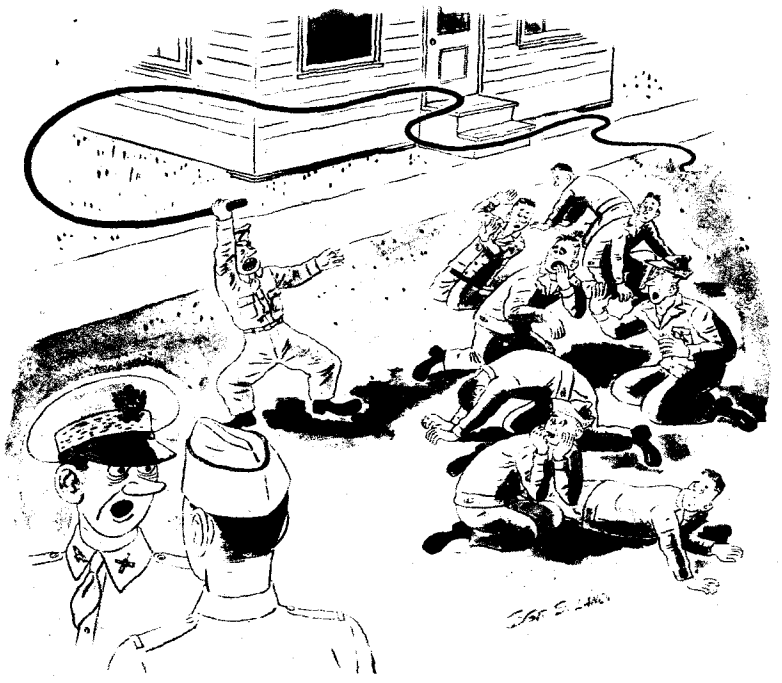
"SHE'S STILL HINTING ABOUT THAT FUR COAT."
—Sgt. Bill Newcombe

"COUNT CADENCE, COUNT!"
—Pfc. Mike Duncan



"IT WON'T WORK."
—Sgt. Edward G. Urban

"HE SAYS IT'S LIKE THE ARMY 'E' ONLY IT STANDS FOR 'PERFECTION.' "
—Pvt. F. G. Hewitt



"I THINK YOU OUGHT TO TELL THAT NEW CORPORAL TO BE A LITTLE MORE TACTFUL."
—Sgt. Sidney Landi

. . . one and only YANK

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—Sgt. IRISH QUINLAN
Camp Gruber, Okla.

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